No. 1762.] [SEPTEMBER 22, 1937.

Triplex -and be safe SIDDELEY &c

The BYSTANDER

STAGE SOCIETY GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

AUTUMN FASHION NUMBER

"Bystander" Girls' Golf Championship

1/-

SAY 'GIN AND I did
LILLET'
I shall!
-YOU'LL REPEAT IT!
5/6 a bottle.
Agents: Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd 16, Water Lane, E.C.3

10 YEARS OLD
HIGHLAND QUEEN
MACDONALD & MUIR, Scotch Whisky Distillers, LEITH, EDINBURGH; also GLASGOW and LONDON.

BOLLINGER CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to KING GEORGE V.

For HEADACHE and NEURALGIA
1/3 & 3/- IN POWDER OR TABLET FORM
Cephos
Pronounced See-foss REG°
THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY
Sold by all Chemists & Stores is safe and certain
Sole Proprietors: Cephos Ltd., Blackburn.

Grant's Scotch Whisky
"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

COURVOISIER
COGNAC BRANDY
THREE STAR
BY APPOINTMENT
THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON STANDS FOR QUALITY
V.O. 20 years old
V.S.O.P. 30 years old
V.V.O. 40 years old

DINNEFORD'S
For over a hundred years DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA has been universally recommended by doctors and nurses as the safe, sure and gentle remedy for Acidity, Heartburn and other digestive troubles. Now available in Tablets as well as the original Pure Fluid.
Fluid Magnesia
Magnesia Tablets

PRICE ONE SHILLING: By Inland Post 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON: 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4. PARIS: 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris viii. Regd. at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.) 2.30 & 8.15 Daily.

ST. MORITZ

A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE

Prices 10/6, 8/6, 6/-, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, 2/- (including Tax).

BRITISH HOTELS

Luxurious* home *without anxiety

The Royal Victoria Hotel has been fully redecorated. Truly, at no other place on the Sunny South Coast will you find such an admirable plan of dignified restraint and modern comfort. The famous chef will prepare you special menus. 120 foot sun lounge to take your ease in. Fully licensed lounge for your refreshment. Lift for your ease. Garage. Medical baths and winter games nearby—what more can you wish for. Terms as low as 4½ gns. weekly. Write for tariff to-day.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA 'Phone: Hastings 869

England's most beautiful holiday-land—the Lake District. Its leading Hotel—

THE KESWICK

at KESWICK-ON-DERWENTWATER

Illustrated tariff from J. & M. WIVELL & SON, *Proprietors.*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA

Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l.—1½ hrs. fr. Vienna **Suedbahn Hotel.** Centre of Winter Sports. Pat. H.R.H. Duke of Windsor. In. swim-pool

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.—C.S.R. Hotl. Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-heart complaints & Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis, Swim. Incl. from 70 frs., with bath from 85 frs.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Cap d'Ail.—(Nr. Monte Carlo)—Eden Hotel.—200 rms. on sea. Park 12 acres. Tennis. Own beach. Free bus to M.C. Franco-Brit. Mangt.

Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rms., 280 bath. Entirely renovated 1934 Incl. fr. 65 frs. With bath fr. 80 frs. Open all year.

Monte-Carlo.—The Monte-Carlo Palace.—1st. cl. up to date, fac. Casino, sea-view, open all the yr. Incl. fr. 50 frs., with bath fr. 65 frs.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Pension from M.14.

Baden-Baden. — **Bühlerhöhe.** — 800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from R.M.11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

GERMANY—*continued*

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus)—Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with pte. toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 10.50.

Cologne—Hotel Comœdienhof.—Near Stn. & Cath. Rms. fr. R.M. 4, lav. & toil. fr. R.M. 6 pr. bath fr. R.M.8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastrasse 11. 100 beds, mod. comf., gar., cent., home from home. Incl. tms. fr. R.M.7. Man. P. Prenzel.

Hanover.—Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of International name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pen. from 9 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Htl. Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. Opp. Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 M.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. 11 Mks.

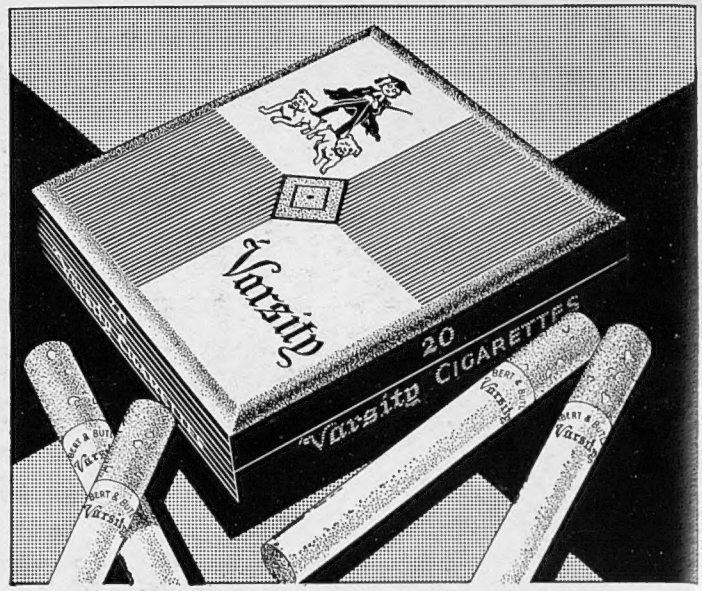
SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—With its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50.

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

Locarno.—Grand Hotel Palace.—In quiet central location, overlooking lake, large park, pension from frs. 13.



Varsity

There is no better filter-tipped cigarette obtainable. The quality of the tobacco is beyond dispute—Varsity are made by LAMBERT & BUTLER

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd V.9a

TEN FOR SIXPENCE TWENTY FOR A SHILLING

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

AT the PARIS Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be Addressed to:

PARIS OFFICE: 65-67, Avenue des Champs Elysées. *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN OFFICE: Kurfürstendamm, 32 *for* Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

The Bystander, September 22, 1937 No. 1762. Vol. CXXXV.

The Bystander

Norman Parkinson

The Tank Driver—a Land Pilot

The tank driver wears goggles and earphones like an air pilot and steers a thing half-way between a lorry and a battleship. His earphones bring him orders from the tank's commander, who directs operations from the turret. More tank life can be studied on the next two pages, part of the *Bystander's* "With the Services" series

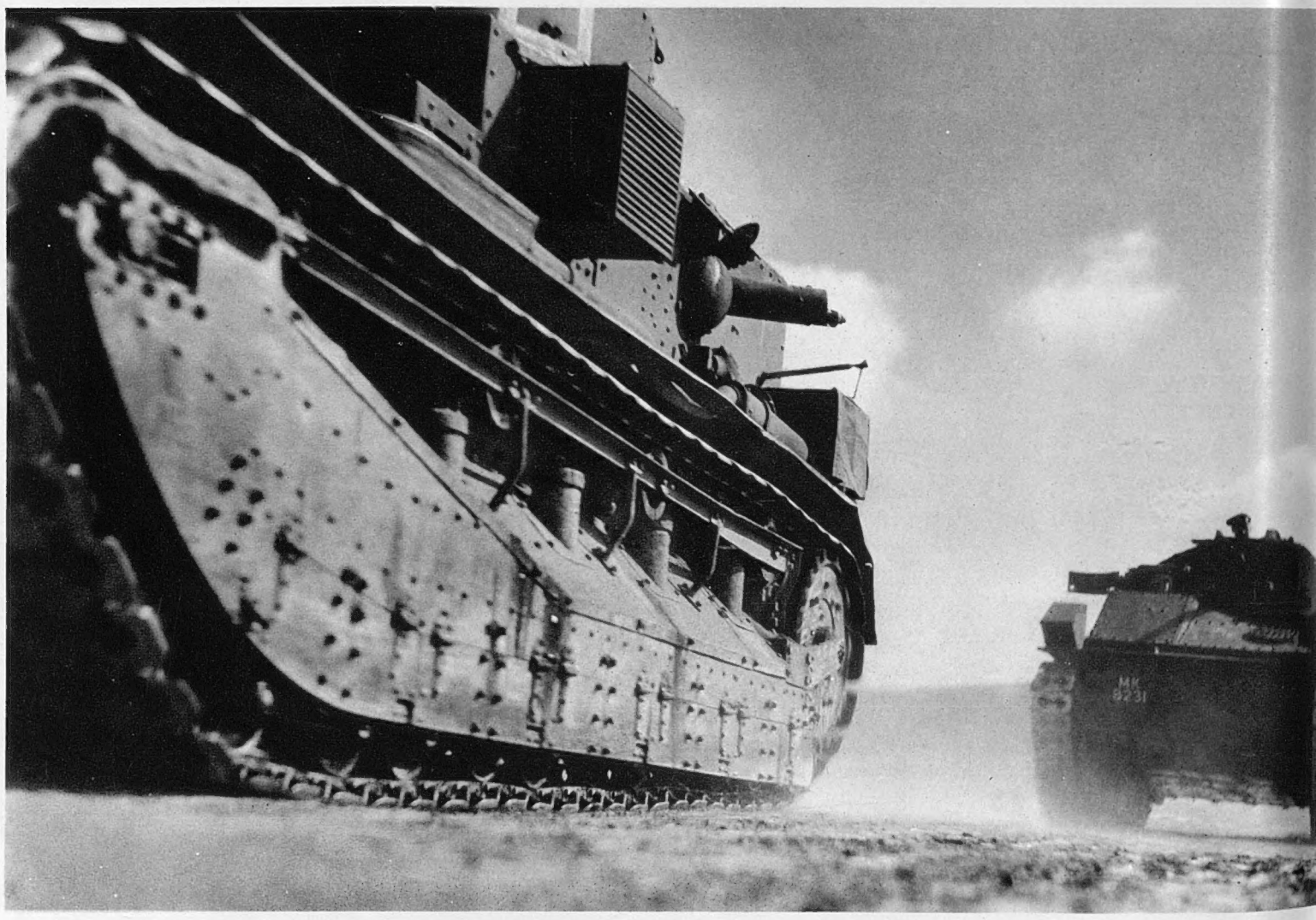
The Three-Pounder in the Turret is This Tank's Heavy Gun

With the Services: (5)

Tanks in Training

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson

These pictures were taken with the medium tanks of the 1st Tank Brigade, which has just finished training at Tilshead, Salisbury Plain. They weigh about twelve tons, have a speed of 15 m.p.h., carry one 3-pounder and three machine-guns, and for crew, the commander, driver, 3-pounder gunner and loader, and a machine-gunner. They manœuvre rather like ships, and, in fact, the big tank that carries the brigadier is always called the "flagship." Tank Corps men are trained cover-takers: if bridges and trees aren't available to hide their great charges from aeroplane eyes, they have to drape them with branches or hay or anything else that 's handy. It 's very hot inside, in spite of fans and other cooling devices, and the noise is terrific. Tanks on a metalled road frighten away the children who run out to watch them thundering through the Wiltshire villages, and for the crew within, the din is a hundred times greater



Tanks, Like Battleships, Move Line Astern, or Line Abreast

Tank Crews Follow the Proposed Plan of Battle on Their Maps

Entering the Lumbering Monster is Quite an Undignified Proceeding

Lake of Geneva Faces

Nyon, Montreux, Geneva itself—whatever the conference round the heavily politicised Lac Léman, these three men share, with M. Litvinoff, the photographer's closest attention: Yvon Delbos, Léon Blum and Anthony Eden. This time they were having a reunion in Paris—but on the way to the Assembly at Geneva

The Assembly's President

The Aga Khan was photographed with a local policeman when he arrived to take up office as President of the L.N. Assembly at Geneva, for which he was unanimously elected. He is chief delegate for India

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Foreign Secretary has certainly done his reputation a power of good over the Anti-Piracy Conference at Nyon. The Dictators—and by that I do not mean only the Fascist Dictators—tried their usual dodges for obstruction which were so effective in the Non-Intervention Committee. But Mr. Eden and M. Delbos blandly declined to be bluffed this time. Moscow's attempt to torpedo the Conference with its sudden accusations against Italy, and the Italian and German refusal to attend, were not allowed to make the slightest difference.

Signor Mussolini has undoubtedly been put in a very awkward diplomatic fix by the clause in the Agreement that the Italians should be asked to patrol the Tyrrhenian Sea. If he refuses to accept the offer, no difference is made to anyone, for the Anglo-French Patrol will go forward in any case. And if he complains that he ought to have been given equal patrol rights with the others, the answer must surely be: "Well, why didn't you come to Nyon?" This redoubtable diplomatist seems to have slipped up for once.

ANOTHER awkward result of Rome's attitude to the Nyon Conference is that Great Britain has been given a perfectly clear and just opportunity of reinforcing her fleet in the Mediterranean, not in the cause of British Imperialism, but in the cause of humanity and international law. Every Italian has been taught by intensive propaganda to refer to the Mediterranean as "Mare Nostro," and now the Duce himself has given Great Britain the chance of suggesting that there may be two interpretations of the word "Nostro."

The First British Ambassador to Attend a Nazi Congress

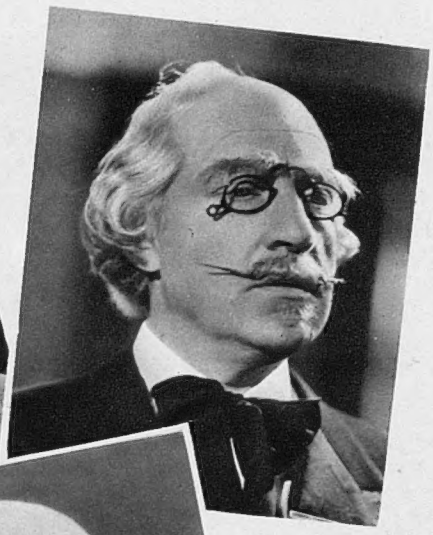
Sir Nevile Henderson was the first British Ambassador to accept the invitation to the armed camp at Nuremberg known as the National Socialist Party Congress. The French Ambassador and the U.S. Chargé d'Affaires did likewise and they were housed with the other diplomats in the "train town" formed—with true German efficiency—of sleepers in a siding, with a locomotive permanently at the boil for the shower baths. Here Sir Nevile Henderson is with "heavenly" Himmler (as the blasphemous call him), arch-Nazi and chief of the Secret Police

THE terms of the Anti-Piracy Agreement clearly bear the stamp of the British Admiralty. They are very ingenious. Innocent ships will not be harried, while the marauders now have the choice between being sunk at sight if they remain submerged or if they violate the international rules of submarine warfare, and alternatively, coming to the surface and saying, in effect: "We are the pirates and we want to sink your ship, so please leave it." Whichever they do, life will be a little difficult for them with sixty or seventy destroyers of a rather efficient sort skimming around and about overhead.

THE Assembly of the League is having an incredibly difficult session, faced as it is with two major emergencies—Spain and China—and the less critical, but none the less intricate, Ethiopian problem. Both the Spanish and the Chinese delegates have made a good impression, particularly the latter, by the moderation of their language, but nothing, of course, can be done. The opponents of collective security, who have fought the League so long and so bitterly, have been successful in destroying it, temporarily at least. I wonder if they are really satisfied with the state of the world as a result of their efforts.

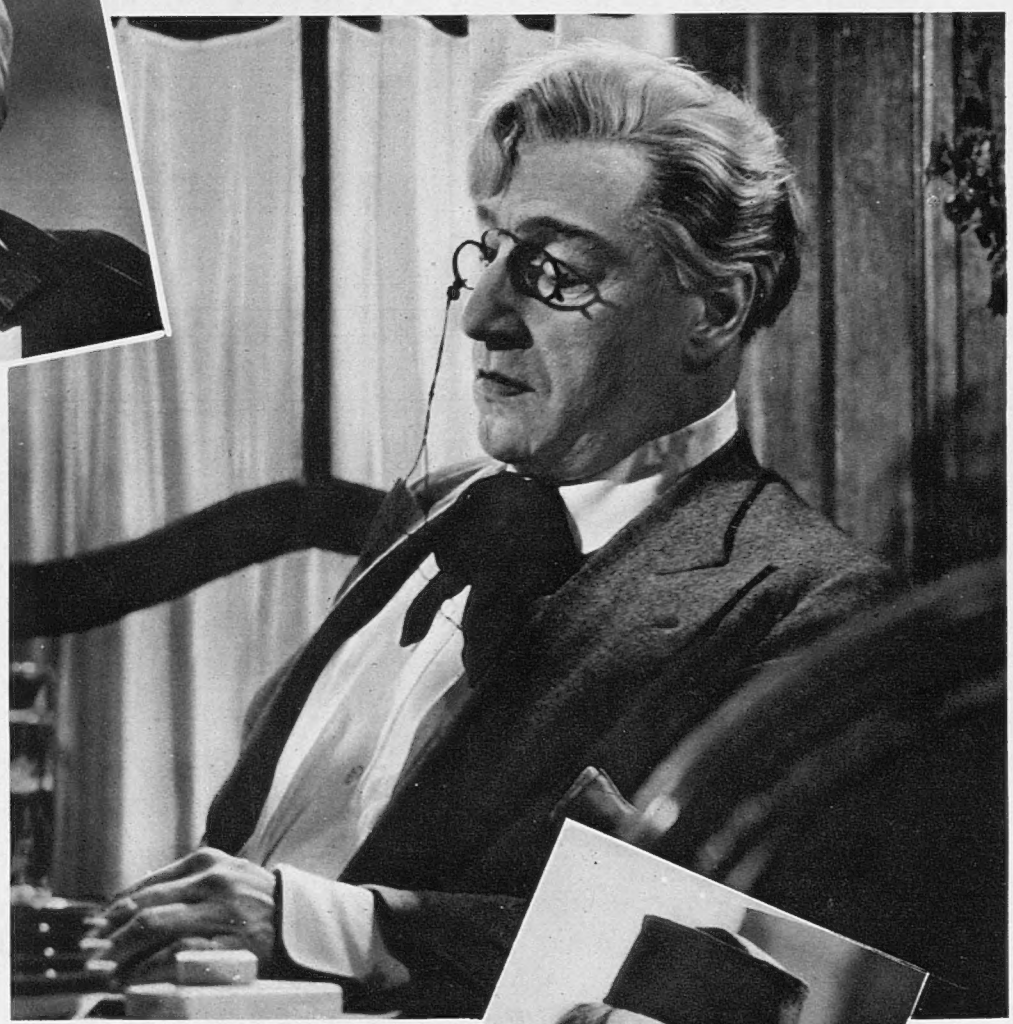
DR. MASARYK was one of Europe's great statesmen, and his life of nearly ninety years is a perfect example of what firmness with tolerance, action with philosophy, patriotism with internationalism, and honesty with fearlessness can still create in this nightmare world. His career has a likeness to that

(*Concluded on page 428*)



The Cheat Disguised

Sacha Guitry as the Hero of "Le Roman d'un Tricheur"



"I would make my first appearance in the gaming-room with an irreproachable wig and a superb moustache, and would wander from table to table with the uneasy look of a man who is seeking to bring off a crooked deal. I was immediately noticed and followed. I would sometimes indulge in this little game for an hour or more—then suddenly I would leave the rooms and I could then return ten minutes later entirely undisguised and be able to work undisturbed"

So Sacha Guitry describes his hero's way of escaping detection in his brilliantly witty little novel, *Memoirs of a Cheat*, published two years ago by Gollancz. Now the book has been filmed, with Guitry as the Cheat, as commentator, as author, and as director. His wife, Jacqueline Delubac, plays the part of the Cheat's wife. The delightful nonsensical story has been closely followed and gives Guitry the kind of part only he can create for himself. The film is now at the Academy

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 426)

of Marshal von Hindenburg in that he did not become the titular head of his country until he was in old age. But there the likeness begins and ends. President Masaryk bequeathed his country, a free and stable democracy, to his right-hand man, the great Dr. Benesh, whereas President von Hindenburg bequeathed his country to the Nazi régime.

THE fall of the franc may be very nice for tourists, but it may end by hitting us all. No one seems to know why it should be falling. There are, on the surface, neither financial nor political storms which might affect it. In consequence, rumours are flying about of sinister manipulations, of international wreckers, and of a Right Wing coup d'état against the Government. Any upset in France would be disastrous for us at the moment, when the two democracies have lined up so solidly at Nyon.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S political opponents have hit upon a brilliant campaigning weapon in the story that Senator Black, the new Judge of the Supreme Court, is, or had been, a member of the Ku Klux Klan. It looks like one of those stories which, whether true or not, is almost impossible to overtake. The classic example in this country of an untrue story which has never yet been overtaken by the truth is the legend that Norman Angell said that a modern war was impossible owing to the complications of modern finance. Another is that Mr. Lloyd George promised a land fit for heroes to live in. Meanwhile, Senator Black's stubborn silence is not helping the President very much, and students of Sherlock Holmes are wondering if someone will "set the pips" on him.

THE *News Chronicle* reports a very ingenious dodge for making money out of shipping goods to Spain. It is said that a certain firm received money to send goods to Valencia, a second lot of money for telling General Franco exactly the route and the date on which the ship would sail, and is thinking of trying for a third lot by claiming insurance on the total loss of the ship after Franco had captured her. It would not surprise me to hear that the redoubtable Mr. Crocker might take time off to glance into this allegation, on behalf of Lloyds.

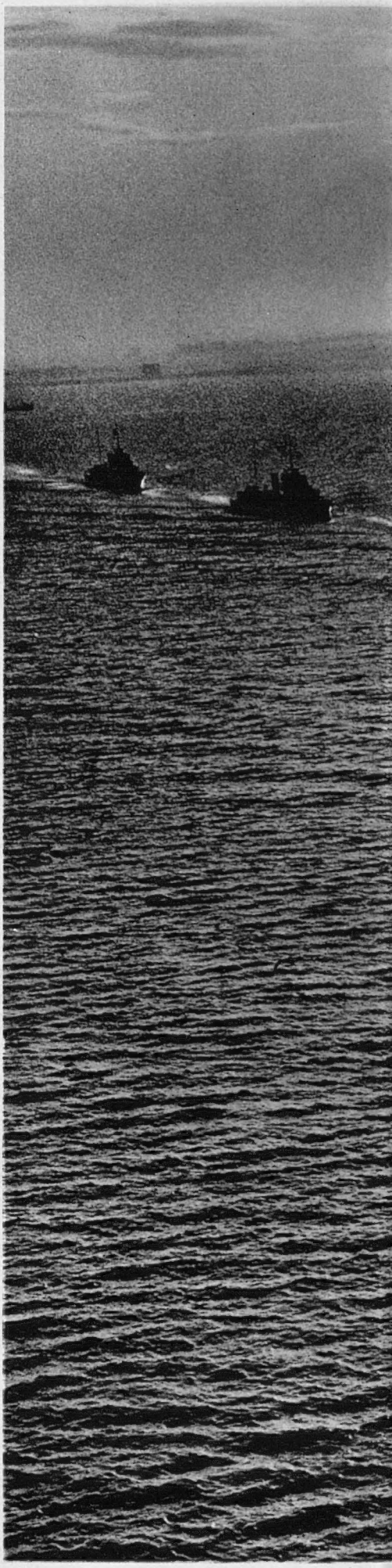
I DO not propose to make any references in future to the political position of Sir Stafford Cripps. The way in which he leaps about within the framework of the Labour Party is so kaleidoscopic that it is becoming a strain on the eyes. At one moment he is being expelled; at the next he is being forgiven. Now he is going further left, now coming back. It is all too difficult.

THE Left Book Club, that amazingly successful and influential institution which was founded by Mr. Victor Gollancz, the publisher, issues every month one book to its subscribers, and also a small magazine, in which the main article is usually written by Mr. John Strachey. Naturally, one does not expect a book of this kind to be unduly favourable to a Right Wing Government, but I think it is always a pity to invent sticks with which to beat one's opponents. This month Mr. Strachey bases a long attack on the Government on "Mr. Eden's refusal to give an assurance that Parliament would be summoned before Franco was recognised." Mr. Eden did no such thing. I listened to the entire debate in the House of Commons, and the whole discussion turned not upon "recognition," which was, to the best of my recollection, not even mentioned, but upon the granting of belligerent rights. There have been, up to Nyon, plenty of sticks with which opponents might try to beat the Government's international policy, without being silly enough to invent them.

THAT enterprising young lady, Miss Christine Foyle, who has made such a huge success of her literary luncheons at Dorchester House, has thrown a nice little problem into the publishing world with her new Book Club. She is going to sell a new novel each month to the members at half a crown. At least, I gather that that is the idea. The booksellers are not unnaturally alarmed. Why should the public pay seven-and-six for a new book if they can get it for half a crown by joining Miss Foyle's Club? And what about the poor author? He gets a percentage on the price, and even the most unpractical author can work out for himself that fifteen per cent. on half a crown is less than fifteen per cent. on seven-and-six.

ON the vandal front there are reports of a brisk action in the neighbourhood of Pulborough. The local authorities are anxious to pull down the old Swan Bridge over the Arun. The population of the village are up in arms in defence of their bridge, and at the moment the battle is still in progress. At another part of the front the famous old oak-tree at Tilford is in danger of being pollarded. This magnificent veteran is thought to be about a thousand years old. It is mentioned in Cobbett's *Rural Rides* as having a girth of 25 feet. Beneath its shades there is a small cottage, officially called Oak Tree Cottage, but known far and wide as "Silver Billy's." It was here that George Beldam, the famous cricketer, known as Silver Billy, used to live in the days when "the three parishes" of Odiham, Farnham, and Godalming used to play cricket against all England.

NATURE once again is following, slowly and laboriously, in the footsteps of Art. It must be twenty-five years since Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote his story of Professor Challenger (was that his name?—anyway, he had a black beard and a bullying manner), and how he led an expedition to a hitherto inaccessible plateau and discovered prehistoric animals of the most fearsome shapes and sizes. It was a capital book, ending with the escape of a pterodactyl in the Albert Hall. Now it turns out that there is exactly such a plateau in the world. It is in the Grand Canyon in Arizona, and is called—heaven knows why—"Shiva's Temple," and an expedition is starting out this week to scale the 7000-foot cliffs. If it brings home a pterodactyl, I for one will give an even wider berth than usual to the Albert Hall.



Pirate Chasers Sail for the Mediterranean: H.M.S. Cairo Leads the 8th Division of Destroyers Off at Sunset

Mr. and Mrs. John Emery

Mr. Robin Wilson and Patricia Lady Jersey

Miss Daphne Travers and Mr. Grant Allen Singer

Let's Get Married!

John Emery, the American actor, and Tallulah Bankhead were married three weeks ago, and the photograph was taken during their honeymoon in Connecticut

Robin Filmer Wilson and Patricia Countess of Jersey (who was Patricia Richards, of New South Wales) were married ten days ago, and are now honeymooning in Biarritz

Grant Allen Singer, of Norman Court, Salisbury, adopted son of the late Washington Singer, and Daphne Travers, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Travers, of Bombay, were married last week at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. They have gone to America for their honeymoon

John C. Wilson, Noel Coward's business manager, and Princess Natalie Paley are to be married next month in New York. She is a half-sister of Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia, daughter of the late Grand Duke Paul, and was formerly married to Lucien Lelong

Austrian Francis Lederer and Spanish Margo (Maria Margharita Guadalupe Bastado de Castella y Materro) make a very popular pair of Hollywood stars to be engaged. They were photographed at her Hollywood home

Princess Natalie Paley and Mr. Jack Wilson

Francis Lederer and Margo

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 38

Auriol Lee

AURIOL LEE may be very near-sighted, but she can tell a good play a mile off. She has produced over thirty of them in the past eleven years, including six on Broadway, and *Gertie Maude*, now running at the St. Martin's, is the tenth of John van Druten's alone which she has directed. And to remind you how successful she is, I need only say that *The Wind and the Rain* was just one of the smash hits for which she was responsible. Her record, though, is not surprising. As a girl she acted with and watched David Belasco, Granville Barker, Tree, Alexander, Waller, and Maude, becoming a very considerable actress herself, and playing a number of big parts in London, like Jessica in *The Merchant of Venice*, Bessie Broke in *The Light that Failed*, Louka in *Arms and the Man*. Finally, she played in *This Was a Man*, by Noel Coward. It was a complete flop. Auriol thought it was a beautiful play, and was so cross at its failure that she refused ever to act again herself. This was a drastic decision, for ever since she was a child in London she liked to make up. She had a whole outfit of tramp's clothes in which she would call on the neighbours and insult the servants.

It is the monkey in her that makes her want to be anything but herself, to put orange-peel in her teeth, to grimace and to disarrange her hair. On the other hand, being a producer gives her far more complete satisfaction. For as such she can make so many other people look different and behave differently. Oddly enough, a crystal-gazer in New York told her in 1918 that whatever it was she was doing at the time she would stop doing it and teach other people instead to do it.

In the meantime she became a stock-broker in London. She worked for Shaw, Loebl, making money for her clients, and thoroughly enjoying herself. Then stage production interfered and she had to give it up.

ACTUALLY, her first production was *Diversion*, at the Arts Theatre Club, with Cathleen Nesbit, C. V. France, and Maurice Evans. It was through a lecture-agent that she first met John van Druten, who asked her to produce *Diversion*, and, indeed, all his future plays.

Auriol Lee works very hard and fast at the start of rehearsals for a new play. She then slackens off to enable the actors' and actresses' personalities to come out over the top of the character they are portraying. She finds it an effort to crack the whip, however. She thinks that Gertie Lawrence is the quickest study she has ever met, with Edna Best as a good second. She is a restless person, living nowhere in particular, usually in hotels. She likes the country, the hills and the sea, and tramp steamers and freighters. Auriol Lee doesn't really like the English. She thinks they hate each other so much. But she loves Americans and the French of the Midi, where she eats truffles and regional cheese and drinks the local wines. Her ancestry is responsible for this, for she takes her Christian name from her grandmother's surname, who was of French descent.

It is an affliction of hers that she is very shy, and likes to be by herself. It is ironic that she can only earn her money by being surrounded with people. Auriol likes bouillabaisse and garlic and Mexico and mince-pies. A curious hobby is map-reading, and when she is depressed she goes into the Dutch room at the National Gallery.

It is a pity that they have a tradition in Hollywood that women, unless they are Dorothy Hazler, cannot be screen directors. She would make such a good one, and yet perhaps it would aggravate the insomnia from which she suffers already and the sarcasm of which she is such a mistress.

For I don't think that one can call her a happy woman, although she is so successful.

Charles Graves

How a Portrait Painter Has His Portrait Painted

That lay figure with the expression of vacant yet surprised disdain represents Sir John Lavery; the artist who is painting the portrait is Mr. Stanley Grimm. After several sittings, Mr. Grimm had finished work on Sir John's head and hands, and the eighty-one-year-old sitter decided he had sat enough. So he sent round to Mr. Grimm's studio in Upper Cheyne Row a lay figure dressed in his check trousers, white overall and tan leather waistcoat, and by now the portrait is complete, and signed no doubt with Mr. Grimm's indecipherable scribble of a signature which would be a rare puzzle for posterity if the record of it should ever be lost. He had one portrait in the Academy this year; Sir John Lavery, most venerable of R.A.s, had five pictures, four of them portraits

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Richard II." (Queen's)

JOHN GIELGUD has started his repertory season at the Queen's with *Richard II*. His version mercifully omits the un-Shakespearean rhymed doggerel of the Aumerle anti-climax, which was probably only pressed into service in Shakespeare's day to compensate for the loss of the great Deposition Scene. This Deposition Scene came too near home for Elizabeth, and was banned, as *King Lear* was banned in the latter days of dotty old George III.

All Shakespeare's plays need speed, but especially the histories, which do not set out to tell stories, and so create little tension as to what will happen next. In the case of *Romeo and Juliet* or *Macbeth*, although any pause for scene-shifting is deplorable, interest survives, as in the case of an exciting feuilleton "*To be continued in our next.*" But where there is no narrative tension, it is all the more important that the panorama of events should pass swiftly before our eyes. The curtain comes down far too often in this production of *Richard II.*, which yearns for a permanent set. The orchestra, beating drums, blowing trumpets, and generally suggesting thrills to come, does its best to keep us up to scratch. But this musical equivalent of "*Another powerful instalment to-morrow*" merely augments the trouble, for when the curtain goes up again, the promise of the orchestra is belied. Here are great poetry and superb psychology, but that is all!

Left: Thomas Mowbray—Glen Byam Shaw

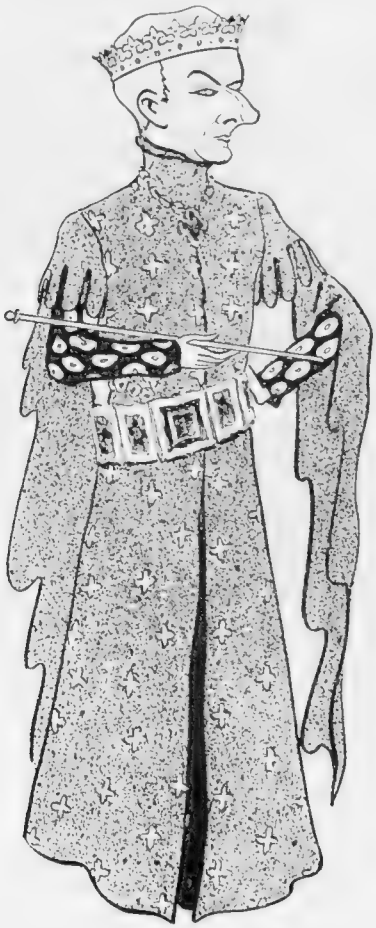
Right: Bolingbroke—Michael Redgrave

To this general atmosphere of flatness the Motley décor unexpectedly contributes. The scene in the lists at Coventry is pictorially engaging. But a growing tendency toward the merely ingenious and dodgy has been allowed so much play that the stage often seems littered with bits and pieces, and rather drab at that. This drabness may be due to a desire not to repeat the Aucassinery-and-Nicolettery of *Richard of Bordeaux*. But the fact remains that Motley have, for once, failed to excel themselves.

What, however, one does get in this, as in all productions of Shakespeare by Mr. Gielgud, is poetry well and intelligently spoken. Particularly good are the mounting Bolingbroke of Michael Redgrave and the humorous old Duke of York of George Howe, to whose admirable discretion one could safely entrust all the dullest barons and bishops in Shakespeare. Leon Quartermaine's John of Gaunt is less happy casting, for Mr. Quartermaine never has been and never will be venerable, and the venerability of John of Gaunt stands second only to that of the Venerable Bede himself. Peggy Ashcroft does not try to make the most of Richard's Queen, and is the more appealing for it. As for Dorothy Green's Duchess of Gloucester, it is as safe as the Rock of Gibraltar, which may not be quite as safe as we thought it.

REMAINS Mr. Gielgud's Richard. This is a fine composition, a subtle blend of the affected and the affection, of poetry and posture—for Shakespeare's Richard is essentially a poetical play-actor, ever performing before an audience, even if that audience is only himself. What could be more theatrical than his carefully timed pronouncement of banishment at the very moment when Norfolk and Bolingbroke are about to engage lances? Or than his "Now mark me, how I will undo myself"—he insists on being marked—followed by that property crown and property looking-glass charade? What could be more theatrical than his request, on taking his last leave of his wife, that when in France, sitting by the fire on winter nights with good old folks, she should narrate the story of his "lamentable fall" and "send the hearers weeping to their beds"?

Only when he is alone in prison do we get a flash of true self-perception. Then, and only then, does he realise that he has been playing "many people and none contented." Then, and only then, does he bring himself to utter the words, "While I stand fooling here." This is Mr. Gielgud's top scene. It should be recorded. Why not a Shakespeare Society to record Shakespeare's masterpieces as the Mozart Society records Mozart's?



Richard of Bordeaux—John Gielgud

The Earl of Northumberland (Frederick Lloyd) and the Bishop of Carlisle (Harcourt Williams)

The Theatre *(Continued from page 433)*

Determined to be despoiled: James Mason flees from Anne Firth

Sketches of "Bonnet Over the Windmill" by Rouson

Old friends meet: Cecil Parker and Ivy St. Helier

Right: leg-pulling for a danseuse: Peter Coke and Betty Jardine

"Bonnet Over the Windmill" (New)

DODIE SMITH'S new play revolves uncertainly round interesting points. Her characters fall into two groups. One group includes a number of young artists who are eager to achieve fame—a young pianist, a young dancer, a young writer, a young actress. The other group includes a number of older artists who have become disillusioned—an actor-manager who knows he isn't acting very well, a playwright who knows his plays have lost their touch, a shopwoman who gave up the stage when she found she couldn't get jobs. The members of the second group haven't had a love-affair for donkey's years. The members of the first group are only just beginning to contemplate love-affairs at all. The interesting points round which the play uncertainly revolves are: (1) is experience of life necessary to make young artists as good as they hope to be and old artists as good as they used to be?; and (2) are windmills necessary to experience of life?

WINDMILLS, it may be urged, are only part of the landscape, which has been known to get on quite well without them. But when Janet Jason, aspiring young actress and heroine of the piece, sees a windmill for the first time at the age of twenty, she is so overcome by the beauty and/or novelty of it that she immediately falls in love with its possessor. The great question arises: will she, and should she, spend the night with him or not? Janet in Act II. has got hold of the theory that experience of life is necessary to an artist's development. And since the possessor of the windmill is the playwright above mentioned, she can easily rule out selfish motives of love or passion or even of doing her stage-work a bit of good on the ground that her primary object is to help the playwright to write first-rate plays again.

Which self-deception strikes me as excellent stuff for high comedy, but is treated by Dodie Smith in a spirit of great gravity douched with buckets of sentiment. There are, indeed, moments in *Bonnet Over the Windmill* when one feels that Barrie himself was never more embarrassing.

YOUNG love on a Camden Town roof-garden—sophistication in an actor-manager's study—the humours of ballet practice by Betty Jardine to Chopin under the moon with a cistern for a bar—copious, not too relevant views on matters theatrical—bygone amour, so sad, so sweet to recall—Ivy St. Helier as a clever little woman round any amount of corners, making tea or sandwiches or omelettes for friends in need before they can say Jack Robinson—the wind bending the corn back of beyond the windmill—of these and such as these this play is composed. There are so many good lines that one wishes it had been all comedy. That would, it is true, have lost us a fine, slow, sincere and deeply felt performance by Anne Firth as the heroine. But Cecil Parker could still have played the actor-manager, which would have been all to the good. And Betty Jardine as one of the children Miss Smith draws with such shrewd humour might still have remained to delight us with her backfisch eccentricities.

Anthony

Robin and Annabel Maule

It was a gift for the publicity agents when a brother and sister aged twelve and fourteen made successes on the West End stage within twenty-four hours of each other. It was also a credit to the Maule family with its theatre traditions, for Robin and Annabel's father, Donovan Maule, was on the stage before he left it to write adventure stories, and their grandfather was Robin Sheills, who acted with Henry Baynton and Graham Moffat. The Maule children's name has been known to the profession for some years and to the more discerning public since Robin played the title-rôle in *The Boy Who Lost His Temper*, and Annabel the title-rôle (at a moment's notice) in *Buckie's Bears*, both last Christmas. She was also in the Gate production of *Children's Hour*. Neither of them bears the stamp of the infant prodigy, Robin being more interested in aeroplanes than a stage career (shades of Noel Coward !). The plays they 're in at the moment, in case you haven't read a paper for six weeks, are : Robin, in Keith Winter's *Old Music*, at the St. James's ; Annabel, in John van Druten's *Gertie Maude*, at the St. Martin's

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THAT venerable silly season fixture, the British Association's annual synod, has been less entertaining at Nottingham this year than formerly. The high priests of British Science discussed, as usual, everything from birdseed to bimetallism, but they didn't give the newspapers any of that big sensational stuff which knocks the populace crazy for a week and flops dead and discredited a couple of months later. Only Mr. H. G. Wells competed with the Palladium show this year, with a fierce attack on the teaching of history which was nearly as picturesque and amusing as his own *Outline*. The gag about the unimportance of Palestine ("nothing began there, nothing was worked out there") and the shrewd crack at Solomon's Temple for being no bigger than a barn weren't strictly accurate, but they got a laugh from the Lower Fourth.

We were personally most interested in the Psychology Section, whose annual deliberations generally produce at least one discovery of shattering newness—*e.g.*, the fact that women are fond of clothes. This year there was a good contribution to psychological research by the Director of the Vocational Guidance Department of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology—whistle that in your bath—discussing the case of a young stockbroker who concealed inaptitude by employing a swagger, a fierce moustache, a loud voice, and a great parade of the old school tie. The conclusion of the high mukkamuk of the V.G.D. of the N.I.I.P. was that "in ways like these many men and women endeavour to cover occupational and other weaknesses." It takes a modern scientist to discover things like this.

Nosebag Time

IN the Opera foyer this autumn vintage champagne will be 3s. 6d. a glass instead of 6s. Sherry, cocktails, and ices will be sixpence cheaper, coffee threepence cheaper, and chicken sandwiches a shilling cheaper. This is because the new Covent Garden syndicate is going to run the bars itself instead of employing contractors. It is well known that any contractor worthy of the name can instantly produce you masses of figures showing that the new syndicate 's crazy, and that even with champagne at ten bob a glass, contractors' children would be going about the streets shoeless, starving, and running at the nose. Nevertheless, the experiment is well worth making from the public's standpoint. Nobody cares what happens to a syndicate, after all.

We still find no mention in the Opera fodder-list of rational Wagnerian food for the German season—namely, those lashings of hot frankfurters and steins of rich dark iced Munich with which the sensible German opera-goer normally restores his tissues after Isolde or Brünnhilde has finished a bout of yelling. Dieticians have proved that chicken or other sandwiches with wine between the acts of any Wagner opera (barring perhaps the *Meistersinger*) have about as much restorative-nutritive value as butterflies' tears. Hence the strained faces you see at the *Ring*, and the women snapping neurotically at the men as they totter down the staircase after the noise is over. No woman fed carefully with frankfurters and Löwenbrau during the intervals wants to snap, or if she does, one gentle tap on the bean with a handbag suffices, a chap who goes to Bayreuth was telling us.

"If Madame is so undecided, might I suggest she sleep on it for two or three days?"

Played, Sir!

IF that was a true story the other day of Mr. Robert Benchley's publishers ringing up Mr. Benchley and saying the MS. of a new book he 'd sent them was fine, but just 40,000 words short, our opinion of Mr. Benchley, which is already high, goes up a trifle higher. Mr. Benchley's reaction to that one was to tell them they 'd obviously have to get Mr. Gluyas Williams to draw a lot more pictures for the book, and hang up.

The alternative way out would be to sit down and tear out a few hundred pages, say, from the middle of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, tell your secretary to type them out, and send them along. This trick would succeed because any publisher expecting some 40,000 more words of funny stuff from anyone like Mr. Benchley would naturally assume that whatever Mr. Benchley sent him *was* funny, if you get our meaning (so should we), and as publishers never read anything to speak of they wouldn't know about Gibbon. Therefore a long sentence beginning "*The virtue of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus was of a severer and more laborious kind. It was the well-earned harvest of many a learned conference, of many a patient lecture, and of many a midnight lucubration*" would have a publisher rolling off his chair in yells of laughter, saying "By God, Benchley 's right on top of his form! Listen to this! It 's a riot!" (etc., etc.).

Probably half these enormous best-selling novels are padded in this way, but nobody ever catches the author out, the novel-reading public being too dumb. That 's one reason we never read 'em—we hate double-dealing.

"I 'm a little stiff from badminton, you see"
"How quaint!—and where is Badminton?"

Meet Les Boys

ONE of the gossip boys was asking wildly after a recent West End first night why Mr. Charles Morgan, the distinguished theatre critic of the *Times*, had turned up wearing a black silk slip-knot tie with his dinner jacket. The probable answer is that Mr. Morgan at the time of dressing was absorbed in the Absolute. The Critics' Circle don't mind his not being terribly dressy, because they know he thinks on planes they can never hope to attain, even when sober. Equally respected, and equally averse to foppery, frippery, parade, étalage, splash, dash, or glitter, is their venerable doyen, our old tutor James ("Boss") Agate, whose plain but dignified evening attire, *simplex munditiis*, also serves as a sleeping-suit when the play demands. The Boss scorns ostentation, and has been known to reject a set of diamond studs, the gift of some anonymous admirer, simply because each was slightly larger than the Koh-i-Noor. However, some of the other critics are elegant enough in a well-bred way—our Mr. Farjeon, for example, and Mr. Harris ("Beau") Deans, who never wears the same topper twice, and Mr. George Bishop, each finger of whose evening gloves is made by a different craftsman, like Brummell's.

What matters chiefly, however, is that members of the Critics' Circle, with one or two well-known and rather loathsome exceptions, generally look like *perfect gentlemen* in *every sense of the word*, whether dressed with a peculiar chic or with studied, yet not licentious, negligence. A fine body of fellows, open-hearted, frank, reasonably temperate, manly, outspoken, fearlessly fulfilling the Function of the Critic—which is, as Mr. Belloc has deduced from Aristotle, to pull the leg of the middle classes—and generous to a fault, especially their own.

Endorsement

FANS of F. E. Baily and May Edginton, both novelists of charm, good looks, and deserved popularity, were keenly interested the other day to read that they habitually use somebody's so-and-so soap, which makes Mr. Baily feel fresh and healthy (always a desirable thing in a modern novelist) and keeps Miss Edginton's complexion beautifully clear. The ad. didn't say what this soap does for a fellow's style, but just created an atmosphere of cleanliness and good will and literary glamour.

Well, it 's a nice change from those perpetual cosmetic endorsements by film-stars and peeresses, but we can't see how the ad. boys can develop this new line to any extent, many of the best-known literary pans of the day being homely to a fault, as any P.E.N. Club brawl reveals. Few citizens will allege that on the average our booksy boys and girls can be compared truthfully with oil paintings of any merit. Like the indignant spirit of Celibacy, to whose jealousy Max Beerbohm attributed the features of the wives and daughters of Oxford dons, Literature has other plans for them. Hence by the time the public has been given the low-down, say, on Hugh Walpole's and Peter Fleming's favourite toothpaste, and the taste in loofahs and bath-salts and whatnot of perhaps three authors more, counting both sexes, the ad. boys will about have reached the limit of literary photographs suitable for publication.

Bowgirls of England

WHY the modern successors of the stout hairy bowmen of Agincourt should be matronly ladies of dignified demeanour is one of those momentary enigmas which dance before our glazing eyes every time we see a photograph of a score of such ladies in line shooting off in an archery contest. No, don't trouble to write. This impression isn't accurate, we know. The Royal Toxophilite Society includes masses of male archers as well, but they never seem to get into the picture-page. A physicist once told us the exact amount of force, in terms of foot-pounds per second, required to bend one of those longbows and release the shaft, and believe us those ladies' arms are of a strength and a muscularity.

We look with dark suspicion on the Bodyguard of Gentlemen Archers of Scotland, who—Ian Hay for one—look pretty good and fierce in BYSTANDER photographs nursing their longbows, but are never, to our knowledge, detected in the act of using them. Here again we may be making odious saps of ourselves, each Gentleman Archer probably having his bow bent for him on the field by some retainer, henchman, servitor, menial, churl, or villein, like the Hon. Artillery Company of Boston, Mass., whose valets always attend members in battle. Don't write to us about this, either.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I'll give you fivepence"

Films of the Day

Hollywood's Cooling Card

IT would be nice to feel that *A Star is Born,* which is a remarkably fine picture all about Hollywood, was the result of a sweeping change of policy on the part of a great industry. You picture the great heads of the Corporations getting together and swearing never to use another superlative about themselves—organising a slogan-campaign : " Don't Come to Hateful Hollywood," or, more austerely, " Hollywood is Bunk " . . . or coyly hoping in public that their next picture will turn out better than it seems to be shaping on the set.

IDLE dreaming on one side, *A Star is Born* gives an astonishingly candid low-down on the methods by which We—the public—are entertained and cajoled into passing over our shillings and pence in the cause of Glamour. Janet Gaynor plays a film-struck farm-wench whose grandmother produces, in the manner of the faithful servitor of an older tradition, a nicely loaded stocking to enable the young woman to go to Hollywood and make good. Among the appropriate words accompanying the gift is a warning that, for the gratification of an ambition, it is necessary to Sacrifice Your Heart, and so, indeed, it turns out. If anybody, after seeing this film, feels inspired to try his or her luck in a film career, then Mr. David O. Selznick for one has worked in vain.

ESTHER BLODGETT—for it was a Blodgett that her mother had married—goes through all the conventional hardships prefatory to success. Rent is owing when, as a waitress for the evening, she attracts the attention of handsome, if dissolute, Norman Maine (Fredric March), whose future career, if any, as a film star is bringing lines into the face of Oliver Niles (Adolphe Menjou), producer. It is possible that Norman, after drinking several tumblers of whisky, discerns in Esther the makings of a film-star. Or perhaps he just doesn't care. At all events, he has still influence enough to get her a screen test, and after that it is a matter of waiting for their first film together to realise that, while she is likely to go far, he has gone altogether too far.

IN the meantime, Esther has become Vicki Lester for screen purposes, and in due course she becomes, in private life, Mrs. Norman Maine, with a Hollywood château, including swans, and obsequious photographers to see that the public knows all.

But Maine is finished. Fredric March and the director, William A. Wellman, between them manage to bring home perfectly the bitter irony of his position. He is no longer drinking, and he is devoted to his wife. But Niles, with his fingers on the public pulse, shakes his head sadly but firmly. The picture belongs to March henceforth, and he has never given a better performance. We watch his character breaking down under the strain of constant humiliation. The drinking bouts begin again, and Vicki realises that if he is to be saved at all they must leave Hollywood.

HE overhears her plans, and walks quietly out into the Pacific one evening. If this sounds like cheap melodrama, I have conveyed the wrong impression. There is genuine tragedy in this film, and up to this point there is not a false note. Even the crude brutality of Lionel Stander's press-agent is not overpitched—one realises that in selling the stars to the world he has become the mouthpiece of public opinion in regard to them. He is an impersonal power, as ready to kick at failure as he is to fawn on success

" A Star is Born "

The autumn batch of big pictures has produced at least one memorable film in " A Star is Born," with Janet Gaynor as the girl who goes hunting stardom, Fredric March superb as the actor who fails, and Adolphe Menjou as the producer. William A. Wellman directed, the picture is in technicolour and is running at the Tivoli

" Double or Nothing "

The new Bing Crosby musical is at the Carlton. The two in the photograph are Andy Devine, who has a good comedy face, and Martha Raye as the (padlocked) girl who has a passion for strip-tease whenever she hears a certain tune

BUT the lesson has to be rubbed in. At her husband's funeral poor Vicki has to endure the screaming and mobbing of the fans, who snatch off her veil, and even congratulate her on being rid of the failure. This may be authenticated, but the effect of the sequence is too horrible for the smug conclusion. Vicki has no more use for Hollywood, but up from the farm comes Grandmamma, to warn her against being a quitter and force her back into the stardom which now means nothing to her. This, we may presume, is the happy ending as Hollywood understands it; but it leaves a queer, wry taste in the mouth.

IT is a new Janet Gaynor who plays Esther Blodgett. It is no use pretending that she is a great actress, or even more than a passably good one—the tragedy, as I have suggested, is largely the business of the director and Fredric March. But on the old charm which made us glad to see her, even when she couldn't act at all, has now been superimposed a new poise and assurance. The technicolour, in which the film is rather unobtrusively made, enhances her looks considerably, and her voice is softer and sweeter; but beyond this is a personality capable of a dignity and a sincerity in a minor range which deserves acknowledging.

AT the Carlton you will find a musical well worth a visit. I offer this verdict in face of my own hitherto persistent failure to discover what people see in Bing Crosby. *Double or Nothing* is a tissue of breezy nonsense into which he fits surprisingly well. Martha Raye is a comedienne with a good, swashbuckling attack, with a pleasant line of satire on strip-tease, and the cabaret-show finale, though parts of it are familiar, is frequently funny. Best of all, there is a plot which, if fantastic, is clever enough to keep one's anticipation busy—and when that happens in a modern musical, a little quiet enthusiasm should be permissible.

Carreras Ltd.—150 Years' Reputation for Quality

Cannons of Hollywood

The Hon. Deborah Greenwood

Deborah Hamar Greenwood is the younger of the two attractive daughters of Viscount and Viscountess Greenwood, and is twenty this year, five years younger than her sister, Angela. She has two brothers, of whom the elder, David Greenwood, will be twenty-three next month. Lord Greenwood was made a Viscount in the last New Year's Honours, and a Baron in 1929; he has been treasurer of the Conservative Party since 1933 and in English politics for thirty-one years. His father, a barrister, migrated from Radnor to Whitby, in Canada, and Lord Greenwood was brought up there and went to Toronto University. He became a barrister of Gray's Inn and M.P. for York in the same year—1906. Lady Greenwood is a Dame of the British Empire. The family address is Gray's Inn Square

Left: the Duchess of Westminster has a cheap and handy kind of sun-hat, made of good English newsprint, for wear in a Geneva lake-side garden

Below: the Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu, Lord Beaverbrook's daughter, rode in a speed-boat over the oily-still water of the lake and under the blazing Swiss September sun

The Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu

The Duchess of Westminster

The End of Summer

Sun and Wind on Lake Geneva

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McNair

The amusing bathing snapshot is of Andrew McNair, the well-known golfer, and his wife, who is the sister of another star golfer, Francis Francis

The Magician (Marian Ladre) Brings the Puppets to Life

Baronova as the Dancer

"Petrouchka"

A Fine Revival of the Fokine-Stravinsky-Benois Masterpiece

Photographs

by

Anthony

Shabelevsky as Petrouchka

As an "old master" comes newly to life when it is skilfully cleaned, revealing lost vividness of colour and richness of detail, so has *Petrouchka*, under Fokine's supervision, regained its old glory. The swirling kaleidoscopic crowd now moves with meaning and tremendous vitality. Stravinsky's music, Benois' setting, Fokine's choregraphy, and the dancers themselves are reintegrated into a masterpiece of collaboration, fantastically absorbing. Shabelevsky himself is a very fine Petrouchka, a mirror of the tragedy of bewildered frustration. All his dancing this year has been outstandingly good. Baronova and Danilova alternate as the Dancer, as they do in several other rôles; Lichine (Algeranoff is his understudy) completes the trio of puppets, stock-in-trade of the Magician, as whom Ladre gives one of his always-excellent character performances

Left: Algeranoff was photographed as the Blackamoor, the part Lichine took for the first performances of the ballet this season

" Return again, and take an oath with thee ;
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands "

Here are Glen Byam Shaw as Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk ; behind him Leon Quartermaine as John of Gaunt ; John Gielgud as Richard ; Michael Redgrave as Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford. In this scene, where the two Dukes come to fight out in the lists their accusation and counter-accusation of treason, and are banished by the King, the Motley dresses are in their fullest splendour, making a rich, glowing pageantry on the stage

"Richard II"

John Gielgud in the First of His Season of Plays at the Queen's

Photographs by John Everard

Below:
"And must we be divided? Must we part?"
"Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart"

"Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high."

Above is the deposition scene, where Richard "resigns the crown" and "all pomp and majesty" to his cousin Bolingbroke, now Henry IV. On the left is the parting between Richard and his Queen (Peggy Ashcroft), whence he goes to imprisonment and death at Pomfret, and she to France

John Gielgud's fine production of *Richard II.* (which Mr. Farjeon reviews elsewhere in this issue) is the first play of his eight-months' season at the Queen's Theatre. *The School for Scandal*, *The Three Sisters*, and *The Merchant of Venice* are to follow *Richard II.*, each for an eight- to ten-weeks' run. So from now until next May there is bound to be at least one play running in the West End which can be seen and seen again. The company which appears in *Richard II.* will all appear in the three other plays

In the Country

Stage and Screen Stars Photographed Off Duty

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Under a Tree Near Maidenhead

Old Cottage, Burchett's Green, near Maidenhead, is the country address of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Malcolm, and this domestic idyll was posed there on a sunny day for Professor Swaebe. The baby's name is Timothy David, and he will be one year old this autumn. His mother, as Ann Todd, finished her part in the film of Winifred Holtby's last novel, "South Riding," that of Carne's high-stepping wife. His father is a son of Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch

In Berkshire

This was not so far from the Victor Malcolms at Maidenhead—Lynden Manor, at Holyport, to be exact. Dorothy Dickson was taking a week-end rest from her successful Cockney part in Ivor Novello's "Crest of the Wave," and was the guest of Lord and Lady Milford Haven; she is with her hostess and a chow above, with her host and a new design of bicycle on the right

Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on a Bridge at Denham

Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier are the leads of London Film's technicolour "The Divorce of Lady X." It's the first time Miss Oberon has been filmed in colour, and Korda promises us that she will establish new values in the art. Tim Whelan, whose "Action for Slander" has had a generous reception at the London Pavilion, is the director, and Morton Selten, who pilloried the Bench in that, does so again in this. The cast also includes Ralph Richardson and Gertrude Musgrove. Merle Oberon's dresses have been designed by René Hubert (who decorated the new Henson show), and as a foretaste they tell us that the opening sequence shows her in a crinoline dress of white net with a white and blue bow in her Titian wig. Now she goes straight on to make "Over the Moon"; Olivier has just finished "First and Last," with Vivien Leigh

A. Binder, Berlin

Field-Marshal von Blomberg—Manœuvring Germany's Forces

Generalfeldmarschall Werner von Blomberg is this week directing the combined manœuvres of the German Army, Navy and Air Force in Mecklenburgh, Pommerania (where he was born), and on the Baltic coast. They started on Monday and continue for a week, with invitations to foreign guests cut down to a minimum: our own representatives, the first since the war, are Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, C.I.G.S., General Sir Edmund Ironside and Air-Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, and their entertainment gives General von Blomberg a chance to return Coronation hospitality—he headed the German delegation. Von Blomberg has reached the supreme command, under Hitler, of German armed forces, which his post as War Minister carries, along traditional lines—old (Westphalian) army family, military school, promotion aided by war gallantry, continued service ever since. He is a widower with five children and was awarded the gold badge of the Nazi party this January. At his collar hangs Germany's highest decoration, the Pour le Mérite

when,
in a mad
moment,
you have "put on"
far more
than
you really should . . .

have you ever noticed
the comforting way
in which
a cigarette
seems
to restore
your
confidence . . .

and
helps you
over
those paralysing
few minutes
before
the
start ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

"Bystander" Short Story No. 105

Dr. Ox Will Die at Midnight

By Gerald Kersh

Illustrated by C. F. Tunnicliffe

"INSPECTOR, please pay attention. This is terribly serious. I am Doctor Pelikan, psychiatrist of the Magog Asylum."

"I am honoured to meet the celebrated Doctor Pelikan. What can I do for you?"

"Order four or five of your strongest officers to guard the apartment of my colleague, Doctor Ox!"

"But why?"

"Because to-night, at midnight, Papke the Ripper plans to murder him."

"But, Doctor Pelikan, Papke the Ripper is in a padded cell in your own asylum!"

"I know, I know! But all the same, I warn you, I warn you!"

"Very well, Doctor; but let us discuss it calmly. Have a cigar. Please step into my office. You do not mind if the Sergeant also listens?"

"Not at all."

"You have no objection to my locking the door?"

"No, no, no! But please be quick. There is no time to lose."

The big door closed. The heavy lock clicked. The tiny Doctor, his haggard face macerated by insomnia, sat opposite the gigantic Inspector, whose cigar, gripped hard between his iron jaws, stuck out under his stone-grey moustache.

"Tell me, Doctor, is not Papke sufficiently guarded?"

"Inspector, he is locked in a cell from which a fly could not escape, in a corridor through which a mouse could not pass without attracting attention. Nevertheless, send four strong men to guard the apartment of Doctor Ox, otherwise, Papke the Ripper will murder him at midnight."

"But how can you possibly say that?"

"I see that you do not take me seriously. If I explain, will you do as I say?"

"Certainly, Doctor."

"Very well. Listen. It sounds fantastic, but it is the most serious thing in the world. You have heard of me. I know the minds of madmen better than anybody else on earth. I have devoted my entire life to the study of the insane——"

"I have read your *Studies in the Psychopathology of the Murderer*, Doctor."

"Good. Then I can be very brief. Two years ago, I had a certain argument with Doctor Ox. In short, we discussed the physical basis of thought. I argued that it was possible for the intellect to operate independently, apart from the physical brain. Ox laughed. 'A theory,' he said. 'A fact,' I replied, 'and I will prove it.' 'I wager five hundred kronen that you cannot,' said Doctor Ox. I said: 'Very well. To-night, when you go to your room, stay awake until three o'clock. Take a book to bed with you. Read it; make a marginal note. In the morning I will quote to you the exact words you have read and written.' 'That is a bet,' said Doctor Ox."

"But could you?" asked the Inspector.

"Yes. The higher faculties, the intellect and the will, are separable from the body. I could show you how. This, in a nutshell, is the technique. Wait until the small hours of the morning, when everything is quiet, and physical energy is at its lowest ebb. Lie down comfortably in the dark. Concentrate every shred of your will upon yourself: see yourself as a body, lying on your bed. Endeavour to project your sight and your powers of reasoning to a point two or three feet above the centre of your body. Then look down upon yourself with a detached mind. Practise this. Try and try. Fifty times, a hundred times, you will fail: then you may succeed. Make your mind travel across your room. Observe every object, but ignore obstacles: will yourself through walls and doors. Cover only familiar ground, going from object to object, observing every foot of the way. In this manner, you may project your mind into another room, another house—even another city."

"That would be a useful accomplishment for people involved in espionage, Doctor Pelikan!"

"Please do not interrupt. I was telling you of my wager with Doctor Ox. Doctor Ox lives in the flat immediately above mine. I had been there a hundred times. It was easy. I won my wager. When we met, at eleven o'clock, I said to him: 'You were sitting up in bed, in new red pyjamas, reading *Dead Souls*, by Gogol. On page 308, where Murazoff says to Tchitchikoff: "Yes, it seems to me that you could prove a *bogatuir*," you wrote in the margin: "Here, the conscious weakness of Gogol takes its revenge on the iron will of Tchitchikoff." Then you put out the light.'

"Doctor Ox was amazed. I tell you this in order that you may not disbelieve the amazing facts that follow. This happened two years ago. Even then I was highly skilled in the technique of the experiment. But since then, I have acquired an infinitely higher efficiency, and if you doubt me, I am prepared to prove every word I say!"

"No, no," said the Inspector, "please proceed."

"I began to project my mind into the cells of the asylum, at night. I am

(Concluded on page x)

"A child might as well have tried to hold back a mad bull"

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

There is so much tradition attached to weddings that the changes in fashion are barely considered, and many brides of to-day wear Victorian dress. Generally speaking, however, there is a preference for sculptured lines moulded in rich materials such as satin, lamé, brocade and lace. Pale off-white tones, gold, pearl pink and ice-blue are favourite shades, while panels of elaborate embroidery are often introduced by way of trimming. All types of bouquets are carried, a new idea being a carved ivory prayer-book with a tulle book-marker several feet long, sewn with sprays of orange blossom and lily-of-the-valley. A beautiful study in white satin is seen on the right from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. The slender skirt spreads into a fan-shaped train, while a high-waisted line is achieved by the ruching on the corsage

Victoria

While the guests are enjoying champagne and wedding cake, the bride changes into her "going-away" dress, which is seen on the left. It comes from the model salons at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, and is made in reversible satin, the dull side being used for the cleverly cut skirt and parts of the corsage. The cape which accompanies it is carried out in the finest face-cloth lavishly trimmed with silver fox; hip length and close fitting, with peaked shoulders, it swings jauntily from the back and ties with strings at the neck. Fur trimmings play an important rôle this autumn, and both silver and blue fox are introduced on afternoon coats, either round a flaring hemline or down the sleeves. Flat skins, such as Persian and Indian lamb, appear on tweeds and are made into smart waistcoats

Hats this season are as varied as the colours in a rainbow, and no woman need feel discouraged, however difficult she may be to suit. High crowns have come back and seem likely to stay, as they are modified and easy to wear. Bérets are once more in the limelight, slightly larger and sweeping skywards. Turbans are also worn, pushed off the forehead in the case of young people and tilted forward by the older woman. Many are swathed in several shades of chiffon with the ends falling over one shoulder, while others are trimmed with fur pom-pons. A delightfully unusual witch's hat in black velvet with a felt brim is shown above from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, who have also contributed the bonnet on the left. This is in felt with a halo brim filled with silver fox. It fits closely to the head and would prove an asset to any trousseau

Four-Thirty

Fur is a great foil to beauty as well as an inseparable companion during the winter months, and a coat or cape is essential to every wardrobe. The cost of skins is steadily rising, but thanks to the large stock which Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, hold, it is still possible for them to sell at extraordinarily low prices. They are showing the handsome coat on the right in Indian broadtail lamb dyed dark brown. It costs eighty-nine guineas, and is severely tailored with broad shoulders and a becoming collar. Many of the new models show a full flared skirt, though an equal number are straight, with a loose swing back. Every shade of fox is worn at night, also a great deal of Russian ermine, beautifully stranded in shell and sunray designs. White lamb is effective over bright colours, and is used by one designer for ski-ing suits

With all the talk about high crowns, there remain a great many skull caps which conform to the shape of the head and achieve an impression of height by their trimming. One model in brown velvet was crowned by a small " sleeve " perched on the front and edged with fur. Another was trimmed with a large chou in shirred felt. The pill-box, or pork-pie, hat is shown in wine felt decorated with bunches of cherries dangling above the eyes, a welcome touch of summer on a grey day. Many veils are worn, an innovation being the shoulder-length wimple falling from one side only. This winter's version of last summer's sunbonnet is pictured above in black felt with a flower-pot crown and wide gathered frill which stands out like a fan. Gorringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, are showing it, together with the black béret on the right in " soleil " velour. This has a very high sweep and is pierced with a twist of green velvet

Scott Bushe

Grand

There has been nothing drastic about the change in fashions this autumn: in fact some of the loveliest evening models are distinguished by their extreme simplicity. The position of the waist has caused a certain amount of discussion, but as every designer thinks differently, it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules. A large proportion, however, favour the high Empire line, which is very youthful and flattering to a slim figure. In the same way skirts are in the balance, swinging first high and then low. A good many touch the ground behind and sweep up in front, sometimes as far as the knee. Others are cut like a handkerchief, dipping in four points. The tight hobble skirt, mercifully slit round the ankle, is also shown, in striking contrast to the full ballerina dress which barely covers the calf. Trains have almost vanished, though a few short ones are still worn at formal receptions. The model seated on the left is wearing a lovely dance frock in black shadowed net with a tremendously full gathered skirt measuring several yards round. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, and is trimmed with ruching round the neck and a cluster of red roses tucked into the waist. The hem, which is bound with velvet and stiffened with horse-hair, swings out as the wearer moves, while the pink slip is moulded to the figure

The finishing touch to every dress lies in its accessories. Evening gloves this season are either in plain shades of suède, or else fish-net embroidered with sequins or sewn with flowers. Fur bows, mantillas, and veils which cover the face entirely are worn on the head, also tiaras for grand occasions. A beautiful halo in the finest quality diamond paste is seen in the centre of the group on the right from Woollands, Knightsbridge. Next to it on the left is an elaborately worked Chinese embroidered bag with a gilt filigree mount. Rich brocade, with a floral design in pastel colours, makes the bag in the centre, while the model on the right is available in gold or silver satin heavily appliquéd in diamanté

Hotel

The wonderful fireworks and coloured fountains at the Paris Exhibition have produced a blaze of sequins in the dress salons. These are all tinted in beautiful jewel colours similar to those seen in rockets and catherine wheels, while fabrics are likewise dyed in gorgeous shades of violet, pink, blue and green. Everything glitters and great use is made of gold and silver lamé. Sheath-like frocks ablaze with firework sequins cling closely to the figure, while those which are merely embroidered here and there are often slit in the skirt as far as the knee. Sashes have returned to favour and are seen in the shape of tightly laced drapings starting from the shoulder and ending below the hip-line, where the two ends are loosely knotted. All sorts of brilliant colours can thus be introduced and the effect is unusual. Draping of every kind is fashionable, particularly when it is confined to shirring on the corsage. A beautiful dress in black velvet, closely swathed to the figure, is trimmed on one side with a strip of diamanté outlined with black monkey fur, running from shoulder to knee. With it is carried a concertina muff in shirred velvet edged with fur. There is grace in every line of the dress on the right from the model gowns salons at Harrods, Knightsbridge. It is made in gold lamé cut with an Empire waistline and soft gathers across the bust. A touch of colour is introduced by the roses and coral pink facing to the front panel

Trailing skirts demand grace and poise which can only be achieved by a light-hearted step. Sandals are once more to the fore, often toeless and very much cut away. Apart from those in gold and silver kid to wear with the corresponding shades of lamé, there are models in crêpe and satin which can be dyed to suit any dress. Others in silver kid have the heels and toes studded with sparkling gems. The trio on the left come from Dolcis, of Oxford Street and Brompton Road. Starting from the far left is a white satin shoe with a high fan-shaped front and Spanish heel. In the centre is a toeless moiré sandal elaborately cut away along the toe-line, and next to it is another toeless model in gold kid worked in criss-cross straps

Scott Bushe

Country Excursion

Be gay for the country and wear vivid tweeds in beautiful autumn colourings. Pictured above is a practical and very becoming ensemble in Scotch tweed checked in red and brown on a natural ground. It costs seventeen and a half guineas, and may be seen in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street. The suit, which may be worn by itself, has a belted coat with smart pockets, while the full-length top-coat is cut with an inverted pleat down the back

Several woolly jumpers to wear with tweeds are absolutely necessary in a trousseau, and Jaeger, 204, Regent Street, are showing an interesting collection. Their checked model pictured below is noteworthy on account of its unusual colouring—green and gold with a black overcheck. The lighter shade is used for the sleeves and it opens down the front. Another design, also in botany wool, is quite plain except for a striking vest in varying sized checks in dark and light tones

Scott Bushe

'Celanese' says:

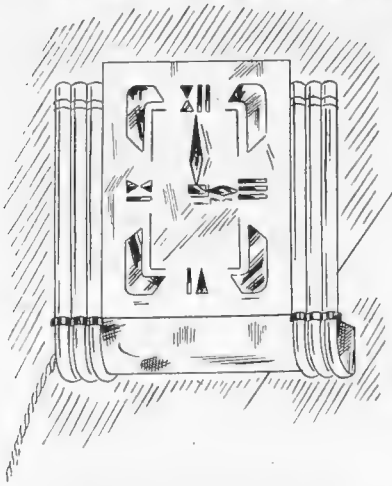
"... *that beauty should go beautifully*" — and this is the perfect achievement of Lingerie in the newest of fabrics: 'Celanese' Mylanit.

BRITISH CELANESE LIMITED. CELANESE HOUSE, W.1

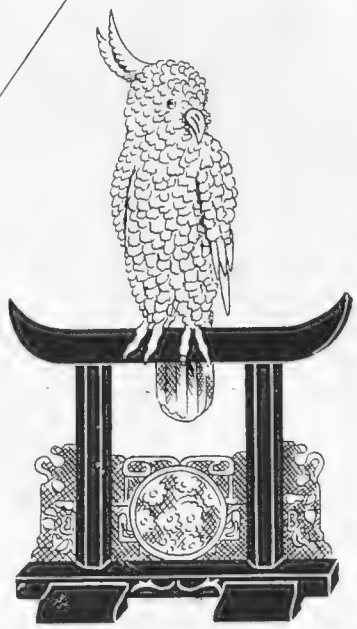
THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

discovered by peta

pictured by pam

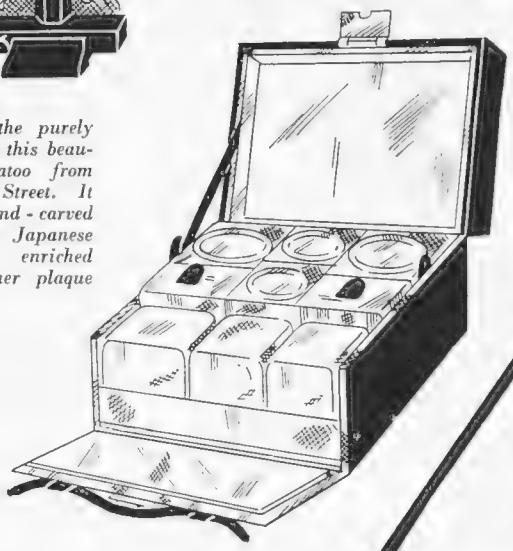


The Twins this week have spent their time looking for interesting wedding gifts, and their first find was at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street — an electric wall-clock in mirrored glass supported on either side by three pillars mounted in chromium



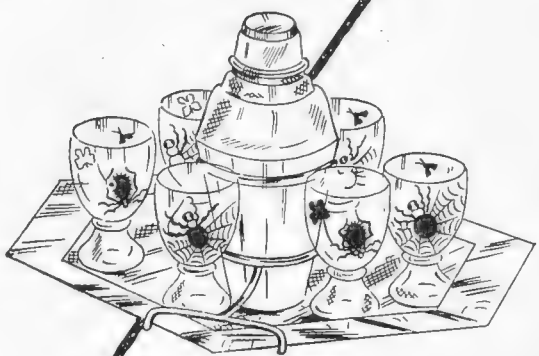
A change from the purely practical would be this beautiful ivory cockatoo from Liberty's, Regent Street. It is exquisitely hand-carved and perches on a Japanese rosewood stand enriched with a red lacquer plaque

Every bride loves a beauty box to take away with her, and Finnigan's suggest the case sketched below. Covered in morocco, it is very compact and easy to carry. All the bottles and jars are fitted with coloured enamel tops and the lid is lined with a mirror



Modern art with a touch of surréalism is depicted in this aquatic reading-lamp from Liberty's. The shade is in double celloid lined with fish motifs in hand-painted buckram, while the monsters at the base are in pottery, delicately coloured

There is something rather more personal about a cigarette-box which is equally appropriate for either sex. The one sketched has been specially designed for Finnigan's, 17, New Bond Street, and is made of walnut edged with horn, the lid covered in silver engraved with hunting scenes in coloured enamel



A cocktail set, though an obvious present, is always received with enthusiasm, and the Twins fell for the lucky spiders engraved in bright colours round these glasses. The tray with shaker are in Regent plate, and the set may be seen at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company

The "Bystander" Girls' Golf Championship

(Chapter II)

Mlle. Lally Vagliano's Popular Win

By Eleanor E. Helme

Pamela Purchase (Denham) was a young first-round loser—by 5 and 4 to Dorothy Drew

Sonia Vagliano, sister of the new champion, lost in the second round to Sonia Swinburne Johnson at the nineteenth hole

The New Girl Champion

Lally Vagliano, of Morfontaine, won the "Bystander" Girls' Championship this year by beating Peggy Edwards, of Manchester, the holder, by five and four. Her father, M. André Vagliano, is the well-known French golfer who captains the French team in the annual Anglo-French international

The Semi-finalists, Runner-up and the Winner

Sheila Stroyan (Sunningdale), captain of the Scottish Girls' team, was beaten 4 and 3 by the runner-up in one semi-final; May Love (Paisley) lost by 2 and 1 to the new champion in the other. Peggy Edwards (Manchester) runner-up, and Lally Vagliano, winner, complete the quartette

DEAR BYSTANDER—

You know by now that Lally Vagliano won the Girls' Championship, as practically everyone, including those shrewd judges, the caddies at Stoke Poges, had said she would. There were plenty of other good players in who would have been worthy champions too, but this was undoubtedly the worthiest of them all; not only the most finished player at the moment, but the one with the greatest possibilities for the future. You know all about her great length, and her beautiful rhythm with the iron clubs, and her good putting; there only needs to tell you that she can keep her head in a tight corner, such as May Love forced her into in the semi-final. And if I end by saying that she made the most charming of speeches at the prize-giving, in perfect English, there is no need to tell you that she is in every way a grand little champion.

Nobody could mind the cup crossing the Channel with her; in fact, at a Girls' Championship, you cannot help feeling that any international situation or need for diplomacy or such horrors would be entirely non-existent

(*Concluded on page 460*)

The Girls' Championship

(Continued from page 459)

if only everyone were as delightful to each other as the competitors at Stoke are. Onlookers always seem impressed there, not only by the high quality of the golf, but also by the tremendously good spirit amongst the competitors.

It was a great effort on the part of Peggy Edwards, as holder, to get through to the final: Dorothy Thomson let her off in her first match, and she was never in real danger again, though June Saunders, aged only fifteen, a 19-handicap making her first attempt at this championship, did grandly in taking Peggy to the seventeenth, after having had dormy 6 against her. June is one of the younger competitors who will have to be watched in the future. There are any number of them round about that age, all highly promising.

That match was only one of the thrills of the second morning. First off was a Scottish-English battle; which Scotland won, for May Love beat Joan Pemberton 2 and 1. The Cheshire player never really settled down: conscious that her opponent is an almost painfully slow player, she seemed to hurry herself. Probably, with time and experience, these slow young golfers do quicken up; undue time over the shots is a sure road to get yourself into trouble—which everybody would hate to see—sooner or later, and May Love is so really good and promising a golfer, with particularly splendid chipping and putting, that one longs to see her get over this phase of extreme slowness. There seemed little enough to choose between Sonia Swinburne Johnson and Margaret Long: the former only won 1 up. Behind them Pamela Brown was putting up an extremely stout fight with Lally Vagliano. She has earned that character already at Troon, where the Club's many internationals know how difficult it is to give her strokes; and Devon, where her home is, will no doubt find her of use to the county before long. At all events, after being 4 down at the seventh, she fought tooth and nail, getting home in two at the ninth, chipping dead at the tenth, and altogether giving excellent account of herself until Lally finished her off with a two at the sixteenth.

Behind them came a tremendous struggle which Dorothy Drew won at the nineteenth from Jacqueline Gordon. Jacqueline is an immensely long player: it would have been good fun to see whether she, with her power, could outdrive Lally Vagliano with her perfect application of so much less weight and strength; but Dorothy Drew's grand persistency robbed us of knowing the answer. Every honour to her. She was never up against Jacqueline until that nineteenth, and was fighting all the way: 3 down at the sixth; 1 down at the fifteenth, her tee shot three yards from the sixteenth, a short putt missed by Jacqueline at the seventeenth, and two for her to get out of trouble at the nineteenth; and so last year's runner-up was beaten. Neither of them can compete again; it only remains to be seen how both will fare in wider fields. Maureen Ruttle, meanwhile, after turning 1 up, was finding what Yorkshire pluck means, particularly when there is Scot blood behind the Yorkshire residence: Jean McIntyre, one of the pluckiest fifteen-year-olds who ever stuck to a hard job, squared the match with a really lovely chip at the tenth, and eventually won at the seventeenth. Sheila Stroyan, playing well, found Joan Negretti all astray, and took her chance by 7 and 6; and Jessie Baxter was up against a real sticker in Dorothy Cooke, a newcomer with excellent style, who took her to the seventeenth.

In the afternoon it was extremely wet, and there were some pretty tired golfers: all the same, there was some sparkling golf here and there. May Love was not quite crowning good chips with perfect putts, but after the turn she outlasted Sonia Johnson, to win by 2 and 1; Sheila Stroyan won rather a scrambling match by the same margin from Jean McIntyre, and so did Lally Vagliano from Dorothy Drew. The latter seemed really tired: if somebody's estimate on her morning round of one hundred practice swings in nine holes is even half the truth, then she had every reason to be weary. They were touch and go, all square after thirteen holes. Lally's iron second out of the rough to within a yard of the fifteenth was a magnificent effort; another of the same sort from the sixteenth tee only got her a half, Dorothy hanging on with a fine run up; and 2 and 1 was all the French girl could win by. Peggy Edwards was lucky to catch Jessie Baxter off her usually beautiful putting, went away with a rush from the seventh onwards, and won by 4 and 3.

In the semi-finals, May Love, though she did not drive so well as in the other rounds, put up a very great fight. Lally was out in 39, but only square; won the next two holes in four and two; lost the twelfth to three, was squared by a huge putt at the fifteenth; put her tee shot close to the sixteenth, and could only win at the seventeenth. Peggy Edwards was out in 37, and won by 4 and 3 from Sheila Stroyan, who was shattered perhaps by the dastardly burglary of her golf medals the night before, and could not get the putts down.

As for the final, the French player only lost one hole of it, the eighth. She out-drove Peggy Edwards all the time by anything up to fifty yards, and though the holder hung on most gamely, with long putts at the fifth, eighth, tenth, twelfth and thirteenth, it was quite unavailing. The best player of the week won, and nobody in the world grudged her her victory.

There was Miss Enid Wilson to present the cups, and Gaumont-British to record it all: the Stoke Court Cup went to Lally, the Craig Cup to Joyce Dickerson, with Sonia Vagliano and Pamela Purchase prize-winners as well; and the competitors presented me with a really lovely ball bag and caddie-bag, which are going to be enormously prized and constantly used. I don't deserve such things—running the Girls' Championship is the best fun in the world—but that doesn't mean I don't appreciate them, and I hope every girl (I could not speak individually to all of them) realises how delighted I am, and how much I thank them.

Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

Dorothy Drew (Gog Magog) beat Jacqueline Gordon in the third round, to get into the last eight; then she was beaten 2 and 1 by Lally Vagliano

Jessie Baxter (Bishopriggs) got into the last eight at Stoke Poges and then was beaten 4 and 3 by the holder, Peggy Edwards. Dorothy Thomson (Edinburgh University) was also beaten by Peggy Edwards, on the first day; their ding-dong fight ended with a half, leaving the Scot one down

Oban—Most Highland of All Games

Left: Lady Grant of Monymusk (Priscilla Thomson that was) is Aberdeenshire; Mr. Ernest Nelson of Achnacloich is Argyllshire and a stepson of the artist, Paul Maze

Right: Miss Elizabeth Vaughan-Lee is with Mr. Colin Campbell of Kilberry, whose uncle was eleventh Laird of Kilberry and whose father is now head of the family. Miss Vaughan-Lee owns Dillington Park, in Somerset

Left: Major and Mrs. Ian Stewart were married earlier this year. He is in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and the son of Colonel Alexander Stewart of Achnacone. She was Ursula Morley Fletcher

Right: Lady Flavia Anderson is with Lady Mansfield. Lady Flavia Anderson and her husband live in Ayrshire

Below: Mrs. John Taylor is with Mrs. Wilfred Hunter, with whom she stayed at Kilmorey Castle, Loch Gilphead, for Oban. She has been in the South of France and Greece this summer

Two more Argyll celebrities were the Hon. Mrs. Maclean and her daughter, Miss Catriona Maclean, seventeenth Lady of Ardgour. Mrs. Maclean is Lord Inverclyde's sister

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

WE are not making the transfer from summer to winter sport without a certain amount of controversy. The Rugby authorities, in particular, seem bent on bringing their game into the headlines; and it does seem to me as if the manifestoes which they are rattling off at regular intervals are creating an unfortunate impression.

The circular letter to the clubs issued by the Rugby Union was followed up last week by a letter from the International Board to referees selected to take charge of international matches. This International Board letter was a solemn affair, concerning, in its own words, "a matter of the highest importance." Briefly, it accused referees of failing to administer the laws of the game—a grave enough charge, as you will agree.

The Board intend that Law 34c should be applied with the utmost rigour; which means that any player offending persistently against the rules must be sent off the field. Referees have no option in the matter. They must enforce—to quote the Board—"the extreme penalty for unfair play."

NOW this is all very disturbing, for the implication is that the modern player is at fault and that cheating is wholesale. How the referees will react to this rebuke I do not know; but I think the player has a legitimate grievance. I have said before in these columns, and the fact cannot be too often repeated, that the laws and their administration are at fault rather than the players. The laws are too complex to be uniformly interpreted, and too confusing to be clearly understood by those who should conform to them.

The International Board should seek uniformity in application and interpretation of the rules before attacking those whose thankless task it is to attempt to interpret them. What really concerns me, though, as a humble enthusiast for Rugby football, is the thought that these constant attacks on players and referees, and these references to unfair tactics are creating a most unfavourable impression in the public mind. The game, it would appear, is the cheat's paradise, whereas I would suggest that, in reality, Rugby players are as harmless and honest a collection of individuals as you will find in any sport. Cheating is not on the increase, but the laws of the game are tempting players to find loopholes in them.

I am convinced, at any rate, that the game will not be improved by the present campaign of our administrators, who will have to go to the root of the matter before they can abolish the practices which they deplore.

ONE other point: the International Board talks at large about "wilful law-breaking and misconduct," but the charges are never specific. It would help greatly, I think, if the particular forms of law-breaking were enumerated so that referees and players could know exactly what is troubling the authorities.

Apart from this upheaval we enter the Rugby season with great hopes. There was plenty of good football last winter, and it is my belief that in Rugby, as in cricket, personalities are at last appearing again. There are plenty of young players about—players, moreover, who do consider the tactics and fundamental principles of the game.

I am glad, incidentally, to see that clubs in the Northampton district have been protesting about the early start to the season, on the score that hard grounds in September are likely to cause serious injuries.

These clubs have asked the Rugby Union to forbid matches before October, and this seems to me a most sensible request.

WE said our good-byes to cricket in the midst of thunder and lightning and other odd atmospheric disturbances at the Oval, and for once in a way we were really sad to reach the end of a cricket season.

(*Concluded on page* viii)

The Hunting of the Shark

Going one better than the tunny-fishers, and following on the capsizing of an open boat and the ramming of a steamer by basking sharks, a number of amateur sportsmen have taken part in the shark-hunting expedition off the Arran coast. This picture shows Mr. T. Wegege-Smith and Mr. J. Donovan about to throw their harpoons

At the Yarrow and Ettrick Show

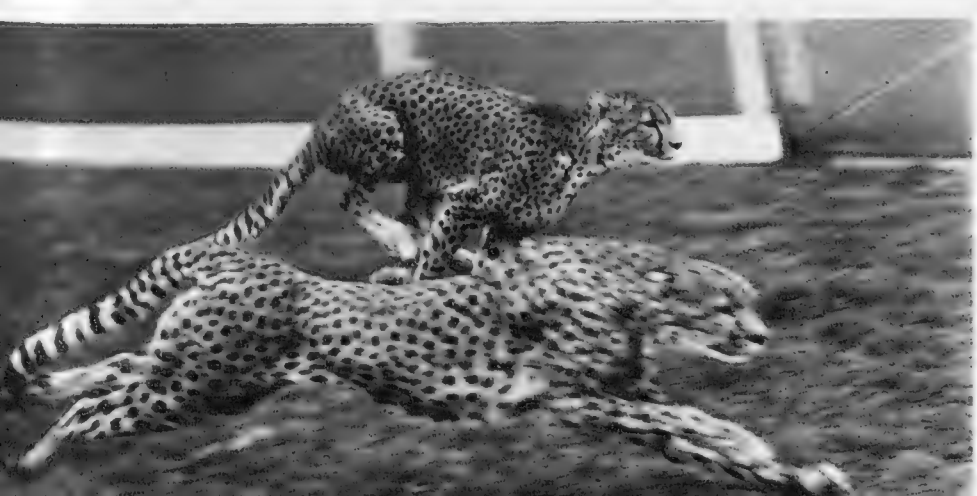
Lord Craigmyle was photographed at the Yarrow and Ettrick Pastoral Society's Show at Ettrickbridgend, with his younger daughter, the Hon. Ruth Shaw. She won two prizes at the Show on her pony, who is called Stella

At the Wylye Valley Show

Miss Thalia Gordon is on her Black Beauty, winner of over 120 prizes. Miss Anthea Gordon is with her dog Belinda. The girls are twins

Mr. K. C. Gandar Dower and Two From His "Kennel"

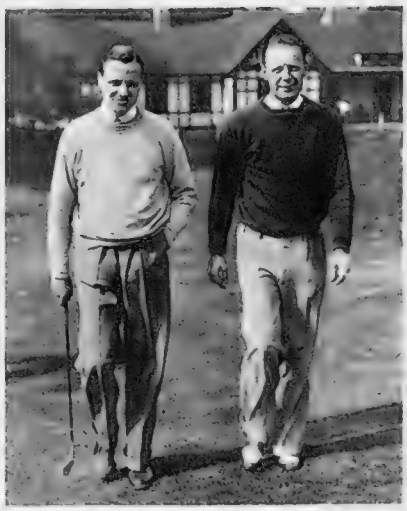
The Fleeter Cheetah, Intelligent and Docile



This business of cheetah-racing (not yet done in public) has something very fascinating about it—partly because cheetahs sound wild and fierce and aren't, partly because they look so beautiful and move so gracefully, and partly because they are forty yards in 440 faster than a greyhound. Mr. K. C. Gandar Dower, the athlete and big-game hunter, is responsible for the idea; he has eight cheetahs, which he brought from Kenya, in training at Harringay. They will follow an electric hare with a piece of dead rabbit attached to it, and have been tried out against greyhounds. According to the *Daily Telegraph*, "if the dog gets the electric hare, the cheetah leaves him alone. . . . If the cheetah catches the hare, the dog will sometimes show fight. The cheetah then gives him a cuff with its paw and the dog retires." These great spotted cats are as intelligent as they are docile, and each answers to its own name

Winner of the Kent Cob

W. Guy Morgan (Pennard) beat a strong field at Knole Park, which included the British and English champions, to win the Kent Cob. He returned 68+75—143



F. Garnham (Naze) and A. S. G. Thompson (Aldeburgh) played for the Kent Cob; the former returned one of the leading scores of 151

L. G. Crawley is with E. H. Moss (Knole Park), who returned second-best score, 144, and won the scratch prize with the same figure

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Artisan Golf

I DO not think that there are many members of golf clubs who realise what a large number of artisan golfers and artisan golf clubs there are in the British Isles or how worthy they are of support.

In England alone there are over ten thousand artisan golfers and one hundred and sixty-eight artisan golf clubs. There are also numerous artisan golfers in Scotland and Ireland, especially at St. Andrews and Portrush; at these two places nearly all the members of the community play golf, and the few who do not play understand the game and can talk golf sensibly with experts on the subject.

I have often heard people ask what exactly an artisan is, so before I go any further I will tell you what the definition of an artisan is in the only dictionary which I can put my hands on at the moment. According to this dictionary, an artisan is "One skilled in an art or trade; a handicraftsman; a mechanic." From this definition it appears that a professional golfer is an artisan, but, whether he is or is not, he certainly is not allowed to play in tournaments sponsored by the Artisan Golfers' Association, as this Association only deals with amateur golfers and keeps to the amateur status rules very strictly, except the one which lays down that an amateur may not carry golf clubs for hire after he has reached the age of eighteen years.

THE Association is also very loyal to the English Golf Union. This year, in accordance with the recommendation of the E.G.U., numerous prizes were presented to the winners at the tournaments, instead of vouchers, which the winners had received in previous years.

(Concluded on page vi)

Families at Burhill

Major F. A. Stephens, the local secretary, rolled up with his daughter, Miss D. Stephens, to the very successful inaugurating mixed foursomes at Burhill for fathers and daughters, mothers and sons

Mr. Beard and Daughter

The Beard family, of Ferndown, had two entries at Burhill: Mr. J. C. Beard and his daughter, Mrs. A. Hickman—seen here—and Mrs. J. C. Beard and her son, J. H. C. Beard

Mrs. Greenlees and Son

Mrs. Walter Greenlees and her son, G. I. Greenlees, entered from Troon and beat a father and daughter — W. Ross Smith and Mrs. D. Plaistowe — in the first round

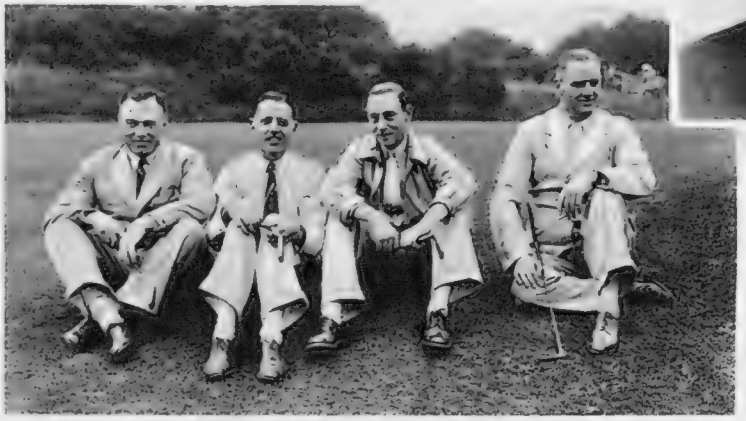
Mrs. Finlay and Son

Mrs. R. V. Finlay and John Finlay were a mother-and-son pair who came over from West Byfleet to Burhill's course at Walton-on-Thames

Golf Clubs at Home: Colwyn Bay

Colwyn Bay itself is of recent growth, and the golf club is not much younger. Nine holes only up to 1913, it was extended that year, and again reconstructed in 1920, and now offers a fine round in lovely surroundings. The air of this district needs no recommendation, nor its views. The golf course comes up to their standard

F. Warland (professional) and E. D. Curtis (manager)



Left: Capt. P. Arundale, Allan Jackson, J. H. Smith, A. S. Graham

Dr. Kenneth Brown, M.C. (captain)

T. W. Crowley-Milling (president)

T. H. Hughes, G. Whitehead and S. B. James (ex-captains)

Robert T. Johnson (chairman of directors, ex-president)

J. L. Anderson (committee), Dr. F. Lockwood (committee), J. J. Prendeville (ex-captain)

J. Hayward

Jack Jones (vice-captain)

H. J. Sambrook (director)

Flying for Sport, for Hire, or Just for Fun

By Charles Ward

Fast movers at Hatfield. The "Albatross," designed for trans-Atlantic mails, sheltering the T.K.4, which was produced by de Havilland students for the King's Cup Race. Both machines cruise at 200 miles an hour, the first using 1600 and the miniature racer 140 horse-power

After the Race

ALTHOUGH it is ten days since the race for the King's Cup was flown, those interested in the sport and in flying generally, are still talking of the most successful event of its kind that has been held for many years. The finish was a triumph for the handicappers. There was a real thrill in watching the leading pilots fighting for places, Charles Gardner winning by 2½ minutes and Edgar Percival securing the third position by a last-minute dive over the line. The most popular place was that of General Lewin, who came in second on his own Whitney-Straight, which he had flown home from Kenya for the event. His average speed of 144·5 miles an hour was nearly 100 miles an hour slower than that of the Mew Gulls flown by Gardner and Percival, which fairly represents the difference in speed to be expected between a touring aeroplane for the owner-pilot of normal ability and a special racer. Actually, the Mew Gull is quite suitable for use as a mailplane where small loads are on offer or as a trainer leading up to the really fast Service fighters. Flaps give it easy handling qualities for the take-off and landing, and any well-trained pilot should be able to fly it in comfort. Charles Gardner is an amateur pilot in the sense that he does not fly for a living, but with 2000 hours in his log-book, his experience is far greater than many of those engaged in commercial flying. He took a long course at Air Service Training after learning to fly originally with Surreys. There was considerable sympathy for the students of the de H. Technical School, in that their entry, the T.K.4, designed and built by themselves, could not beat the handicapper. Even at 230·5 miles an hour, it fell short of its estimated speed by 4·5. The veteran Comet, winner of the race to Australia in 1934, averaged just over 213 in the capable hands of Ken Waller. No one could have got more out of it than he did, but it was designed to cover distances of two and three thousand miles non-stop, and therefore a race consisting of short stages did not give it any advantages. Amongst the engines, there were only Gipsys in the final and, as usual, no case of mechanical failure was recorded.

At Hamble

IT is always a tonic to revisit Hamble, where A.S.T. conducts its model school for pilots of all nations, both Service and civil. The latest additions to the fleet are a Whitney-Straight and a Dragonfly, the latter equipped for night-flying and with wireless for direction-finding and communication with the ground. Although the School was started by the Armstrong-Siddeley organisation, no attempt has been made to limit its flying equipment to the products of that concern. The best is obtained, no matter whether it is built by a competitor or not, which is a sufficient guarantee to the pupil that he will be taught with the finest aircraft that can be bought. Instruction is extended to flights over Europe, so that students in training for air-operating companies may have a first-hand knowledge of Customs formalities and the variegated procedure that is followed at foreign airports. During August, more than 2000 hours were logged by the Service pilots, but on the civil side, the month was one for holidays, so that the total was small. There is now a "Met" office on the top floor of the administration building, where pupils can get an inside knowledge of the "isobars," in addition to studying diagrams in the book of words. Amongst new arrivals is Giles Guthrie, who won the race to Johannesburg, with C. W. A. Scott. Even the most experienced pilots realise that a refresher course is necessary nowadays if they are to keep up to date. Most of Imperial Airways' veterans, some with 10,000 hours to their credit, have gone back to school for some special course or other.

General Lewin, second in the race for the King's Cup, checking his petrol at Cardiff. His performance in the race, and the many flights to and from East Africa, place him in the front rank of British owner-pilots, a specially creditable distinction at sixty-three years of age

From Heston

AIR Commerce of Heston commenced its winter schedule for the journey to the Isle of Wight at the end of last week. There are evening departures on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, with a final flight on Mondays at 8 a.m. Recent charters have included Lady Juliet Duff from High Post, near Salisbury, to Melton Mowbray and on to Lympne; General Critchley and friends to Le Touquet to compete in a Golf Championship match. Allen and Hanburys chartered the firm's Leopard for an urgent call with serum to Barnstaple in order to save the life of a child.

This England . . .

Poole Harbour from Ballard Down—Dorset

THERE has never been any nonsense about the men of Dorset — men of peace, liking their comforts, they would nevertheless fight to keep them. Dourly they drove off the Danes, but would have no truck with the Norman and Plantagenet struggles. And when the Civil war was upon them, there arose the "clubmen," who would bear no arms at the county musters, but punished indifferently and with vigour the Roundhead or Royalist caught plundering! To this spirit in our England we owe the continuance of the good things of English living to-day — justice, liberty, the genial life; nay, even your Worthington has not been tampered with since the days of leathern cups.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Compton Mackenzie and the Isles of Greece

By Alan Thomas

"It's a fancy I had to divide my life into the four winds." Thus John Ogilvie, the hero of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's great tetrology, *The Four Winds of Love*. The first volume, published last January, carried the story to the beginning of this century. The present volume, *The South Wind of Love* (Rich and Cowan; 8*s.* 6*d.*), opens a decade or so later, a couple of years before the war. Ogilvie, whom we left on the verge of manhood, has blossomed into a successful playwright. His love for a French actress, "perfect in its prime," has now outgrown its actuality. The years he has spent in America have given him a new perspective: and returning to Europe he adduces as a reason for not wanting to be in love an uneasy feeling "about the way things are going." Even for a man of thirty this seems a strange encroachment of the intellect on the emotions. The point, however, is one of interest rather than of criticism. For, as we know from volume one, and still more from the present volume, where the heart is concerned, John Ogilvie is much as other men—perhaps more so.

The book, which runs to over eight hundred pages, covers the period from 1912 to the autumn of 1917. The scenes are laid partly in New York, London, Paris and Rome, but mainly in the Ægean, where Ogilvie is engaged on British Intelligence Service and where the story of his adventures is enlivened by a host of minor characters and types—the Admiral with an eye for "a bit of stocking," the solemn Lieutenant-Commander who attaches more importance to King's Regulations than he does to winning the war, and the Major whose final repartee is to strike his jackboots a sharp blow with his cane. But through all the arguments, descriptions, letters and discussions, it is Ogilvie himself, the character and spirit of the man in process of development, that rivets the attention. At the end of the story we leave him sick at heart over the tragic death of the Grecian girl he was to have married. We leave him, too, wondering if the past three years of his life have been a waste of time. For the reader of this volume at all events, they have been years full of interest and often of excitement; and it is a tribute to Mr. Mackenzie's immense power as a writer that the *South Wind*, so far from leaving us exhausted, has raised our curiosity almost to the level of impatience to know what is in that other wind which, as the present volume closes, is "blowing hard from the West."

Lady Glenavy at Work

Lady Glenavy is seen here painting in the garden at Clonard, Terenure, Dublin. She is a member of the R.H.A., has often exhibited there as well as in this country, is a follower of the stylised, decorative work typified by Rex Whistler's art. Lord Glenavy is a director of the Bank of Ireland, and their only son, Mr. Patrick Campbell, is one of the best golfers in the Free State

Mr. A. G. Macdonell—as readers of the Bystander well know—is nothing if not original, amusing and provocative. In his latest book, *My Scotland* (Jarrolds; 7*s.* 6*d.*), he lets himself go, and the result is a torrent—as bright and sparkling as any that ever cascaded down a Highland glen on a fine, sunny day—of spirited narrative and witty argument. He has written down what he thinks of his native country. "Briefly," he says, "what I think is that it has suffered in the past, and is suffering now, from too much England." An examination of the history and character of the Highlander and Lowlander brings him to the conclusion that the former are finished — members of a dying race; and that if Scotland is ever again to become a self-governing nation, the ancient violence, individualism and tenacity of the Lowlander will have to reassert itself against the dominating English influence. England, of course, is the subtle, crafty-minded hero-villain of the piece. Bludgeoning on the one hand, and flattery on the other, are the main—but by no means the only—weapons in the English armoury; and if we are fond of saying that the British Empire is run by Scots, this is only another example of our diabolical cunning. Mr. Macdonell's description of the English reminded me of the Continental view of our Foreign Office, as an institution compared with which Philip of Spain sitting in the Escorial was as simple and innocent as a newborn babe. The book ends with a passionate and dramatic plea for the "recapture of Edinburgh" by the Lowlander and the rebirth of a nation. A Scottish Parliament established in Edinburgh—it may happen. But if it does, I shall not be surprised if Mr. Macdonell turns round and tells us that those Machiavellian English have engineered the scheme for their own ends. The illustrations to *My Scotland* have been very felicitously chosen.

Mr. John Steinbeck's short novel of *Mice and Men*, with decorations by Michael Rothenstein (Heinemann; 6*s.*), is a mixture of humour, pathos and tragedy. It is the story of two cattle-ranch hands, George and Lennie, who drift from job to job trying to pick up a living and dreaming of the little acre of land they will get one day, with a cow and maybe some pigs and chickens. George is the brains of the party, and Lennie the raw material—a mountain of a man with the undeveloped mind of a child, ignorant of everything including his own strength. The tale of these two and their adventures on the ranch, of their relationship to one another, to the ranch hands and particularly to the Boss's son (a hot-tempered, bullying type), and his wife, is told with stark simplicity and enormous dramatic effect. Many of the scenes—and some of them are intensely moving: that, for instance, in which Old Candy's dog is led away to be shot—would act superbly on the stage.

In case any of my readers have been looking for what the late W. H. Stead used to call "books for the bairns," they may like to know of two for the very young. One, *Mittens*, is a story about a kitten that gets itself lost, and is written and admirably illustrated by Clare Turley Newberry. The other *The Story of Ferdinand*, by Munro Leaf, is rather more original; forFerdinand is a Spanish bull who wisely preferred sitting under a cork-tree smelling flowers to fighting in a bull-ring. Mr. Robert Lawson's illustrations are superb. Both books are published by Hamish Hamilton, and cost 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

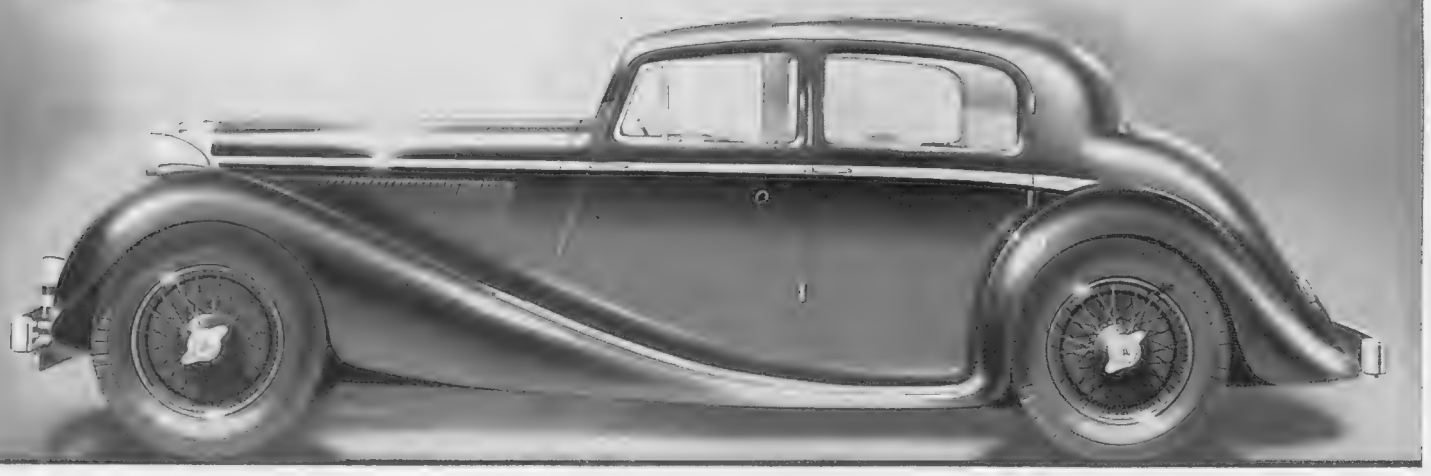
For more sophisticated male readers I warmly recommend *My Best Story for Boys* (Faber; 5*s.*). The stories are by famous authors, and chosen by themselves. My expert on such collections voted this one "top-hole."

Schoolgirls with Wimbledon aspirations will like Noel Streatfield's *Tennis Shoes* (Dent; 5*s.*). It's a nice story about a nice family who are all tennis mad. Incidentally, it gives some excellent tips on the training of junior champions.

Presenting

JAGUAR

1938 RANGE



For 1938 SS present an entirely new range of Jaguars comprising seven new bodies and three distinct chassis types—the 3½ Litre, the 2½ Litre and the 1½ Litre. The 3½ Litre, an entirely new model, is available with either a four door saloon or drop-head coupe body and is characterised by a performance of outstanding merit, which will completely eclipse all previous achievements. With a maximum speed of 95 m.p.h. the new 3½ Litre affords seating accommodation of the most luxurious order for five persons—the smoothness and silence of its travel being literally amazing. Widespread improvement in the 2½ Litre has resulted in an enhanced and even more refined performance, this model also providing spacious seating for five. The 1½ Litre is an entirely new model and is now powered by an overhead valve engine modelled closely on the highly successful 2½ Litre. As with all 1938 Jaguar chassis, a Saloon or Coupe body is available on the 1½ Litre—both affording the full five-seater accommodation which is a characteristic feature of the new range.

MODELS AND PRICES

1½ LITRE SALOON - -	£298
1½ LITRE DROP-HEAD COUPE - - - - -	£318
2½ LITRE SALOON - -	£395
2½ LITRE DROP-HEAD COUPE - - - - -	£415
3½ LITRE SALOON - -	£445
3½ LITRE DROP-HEAD COUPE - - - - -	£465
"100" 3½ LITRE MODEL -	£445
"100" 2½ LITRE MODEL -	£395

STAND 57

Motor Exhibition, Earls Court

Manufactured by SS CARS LTD., COVENTRY

LONDON SHOWROOMS: HENLYS LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

Climbing the Hill at Shelsley Walsh

Above is A. P. F. Fane in his Frazer-Nash, on the record-breaking and winning run of 38·77 sec. at an average of 53 m.p.h. Left is H. L. Hadley in one of his famous Austins; he made one of the fastest times in the June climbs at Shelsley

SHELSLEY WALSH was grand! Raymond Mays, who was chasing B.R.D.C. Gold Star marks at Phœnix Park, was missed, of course, but his absence left the way clear for others to show what they could do and great was the competition to return the fastest time of the day.

Big things were expected of Hadley on the diminutive Austin for he had run Mays very close at the Spring Climb, and the proceedings opened with a thrill when he tried to come out of the S-bend too fast and slid sideways into the grass bank, sending up a shower of dust and stones, but kept going, snaking from side to side of the road up to the finish as he fought to maintain control. His time of 40·74 seconds was good, but not quite good enough to beat the Raymond Mays record of 39·09 seconds.

Then Fane on the Frazer-Nash came up, sliding a bit on the S-bend, and we all waited breathlessly for his time—only to be told that he would make another climb because "owing to a technical hitch" no time had been recorded for him. This preliminary gallop must have been of incalculable value to Fane, as it showed him just what sort of mood his car was in and also exactly what the condition of the hill and the wind were.

In due course he made his second ascent—and it was the most shattering climb ever—38·77 seconds and all records smashed to pulp. Consistently fine performer as he is at Shelsley Walsh, even his most ardent "fans" hardly dared to expect this.

It is typical of the German Club that when one of their entrants, Herr Richter, on a B.M.W., was prevented by illness from coming over, they immediately substituted another entrant in the person of Dr. Noll—would that our French friends had done likewise with the Delahayes.

The Spring Climb of next year, with Raymond Mays attacking Fane's record and Fane himself defending it, should prove thrilling indeed.

FOR years past it has been the ambition of British Sports Car Manufacturers to turn out a model which will exceed one hundred miles in one hour.

The M.C.C. High Speed Trial at Brooklands, comprising among other events two one-hour runs for standard sports cars, has been the natural choice of those who have attempted to achieve the magic century, but although many have tried, and some have actually covered as many as 98 miles in the hour, none has yet succeeded in achieving his set objective. Indeed, only one standard sports car has ever exceeded one hundred miles in one hour, and this is a car of German manufacture.

Now, on the eve of the Earl's Court Motor Exhibition, the M.C.C. High Speed Trial comes round again and is to be run at Brooklands next Saturday. This year, the organisers have offered a special award for the driver of the car completing the greatest distance in one hour, and it is hoped that the occasion may provide an opportunity for a British sports car to exceed the 102 miles at which the German car set this record.

The Lagonda driven by Brackenbury and Martin in the recent T.T. has been prepared for me by Mr. Arthur W. Fox, and with Mr. J. Heitner, Editor of *The Sphere*, in the mechanic's seat, I am going to try all I know to exceed the German performance. From all accounts it seems likely that the German car, with Fane at the wheel, will be there to defend its honour.

A STEADY downpour of increasing intensity could not dampen the enthusiasm of the many hundreds of Morris owners who flocked to the Morris-Owner Rally at lovely Lilleshall Hall on the day after the Shelsley Walsh Hill Climb.

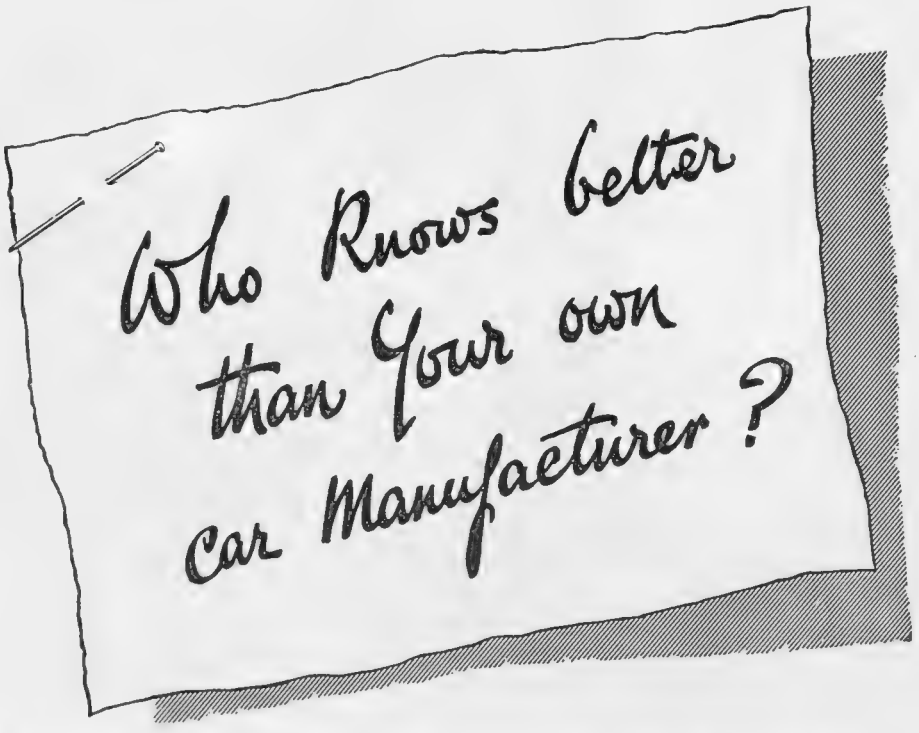
For my own part, with my co-judge, I was set the task of finding the best 8-h.p. closed car—simple enough, apparently, but appallingly difficult in actuality, for there were close upon fifty entrants in this class and almost without exception the cars were in a condition of show-room cleanliness.

One or two interesting facts emerged, however, in the judging and a moral or two was pointed. For instance, our intelligence was outraged by the gentleman whose wife and baby were sheltering in the near-side front seat throughout the judging and who had tossed a quite unnecessary and æsthetically discordant blue rug over the off-side of the rear seat. When this was heartlessly whipped off, there sure enough was revealed the expected tell-tale stain of spilt milk which cost the entrant five marks—four for the stain and an extra one for slyness!

The most common failing was the competitors' slackness over the cleaning of their wire wheels, while in one case I even encountered a dirty set of disc wheels. Traces of Ethyl round the carburettors of some entries cost their owners marks, while in other cases dusty headlamp reflectors were duly noted. Docking marks for points such as these may seem like unnecessarily harsh treatment, but actually it was necessary to study such details, for the cars were so similar that only by such means was it possible to distinguish between them in the marking.

The winner, however, was easy to mark, for his car was absolutely spotless inside and out—*and underneath*. Its paintwork, chromium and glass scintillated even in the pouring rain with a pristine sparkle and yet it was eleven years old and had done nearly ninety thousand miles. The original paintwork was like new and such extras as had been added were all of a practical as well as a decorative nature.

I envy the man who can turn out a car looking so creditably smart after it has done so much hard work, and I salute him for the painstaking energy which brought him his just reward at this highly successful Morris-Owner Rally.



★ ACTUAL EXTRACTS FROM OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS

"No special fuel is required, but we recommend Ethyl spirit for average road conditions."

★ *A popular family car*

"Owners are recommended to use Ethylised petrols only. Extensive tests have been undertaken which show that these fuels are eminently suitable and have no detrimental effect."

★ *A British car that has made motoring history.*

"It cannot be pointed out too clearly that good performance cannot be obtained from cheaper grades of petrol. The cars are tested on Ethylised fuel."

★ *100 m.p.h. super-sports car.*

As pioneers of Ethyl, we take pride in presenting these unexampled tributes from renowned manufacturers

ESSO
ETHYL

LARGEST SALE OF ANY ETHYL PETROL

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf *(Continued from page 464)*

The annual tournament this year was the only one at which I have been present where the handicaps had been adjusted to the Standard Scratch Score in accordance with the suggestion of the E.G.U.; consequently, at Wentworth last month we had the somewhat odd experience of seeing players compete off two different handicaps in the same competition on the same day.

THE Artisan Golfers' Association, which is affiliated to the E.G.U., mothers the artisan golfers, and is in turn to a large extent mothered by the *News of the World*. Sir Emsley Carr is its President, and among the Vice-Presidents are such well-known golfers or sportsmen, or both, as Lord Ebbisham, Major G. le Roy Burnham, Sandy Herd, H. Ernest le Bas, Major W. G. M. Sarel, the Berkshire G.C. secretary, and last and most important, the great John Henry Taylor himself.

It was largely due to the efforts and hard work of John Henry that the Artisan Golfers' Association came into existence; and since its inception he has done everything in his power to assure its success. How successful these efforts of his have been was shown very clearly last month, when the Artisan Golfers' Association held its sixteenth annual tournament over the East and West course at Wentworth.

West of England Champion and Runner-up

O. Austreng, the Kent amateur champion, won the West of England golf championship at Burnham and Berrow, Somerset

T. V. C. Moberley (Royal N. Devon) lost to Austreng by six and four in the thirty-six-hole final at Burnham and Berrow

EACH artisan club is entitled to send four players to compete in the annual tournament, two in the senior division and two in the junior division. The tournament takes place on two days, and this year there were over two hundred competitors each day, so you see that nowadays it is only possible to play the tournament at a club which possesses at least two courses, and even then play must start at an early hour and the prizes cannot be presented until nearly 9 p.m.

This year the winners of the senior and junior tournaments were both gardeners. C. Perkins, of Copthorne, won the senior event with scores of 64 and 80, and C. Keywood, of Burwood, won the junior with scores of 66 and 74, the higher score in each case naturally being done on the more testing West course.

Henry Longhurst, in his most interesting book, *Golf*, which has lately been published, tells us that we ought to play golf with our hands; from the above, gardeners' hands and gardeners' work seem very suitable for the playing of the game.

IT is the custom of many members of golf clubs to curse their home courses and to use what the police in evidence call "abusive language" when referring to their committees and secretaries. These men should remember that there are many who would be delighted to play on what they consider a rotten course, and should encourage to the best of their ability artisan play at all times when it does not interfere with the play of the members.

There have been numerous cases of wilful damage to golf courses done by caddies and others who have imagined that they have had grievances against the clubs concerned.

In cases of this sort the clubs which allow artisans to play on their courses are very favourably placed and reap a reward for their courtesy. The artisan golfers are nearly always in a better position than the members to discover who the culprits are, and when they have found them they usually dispense justice more quickly and more effectively than the local magistrates. In other words, a jolly good hiding is more likely to discourage the offender to repeat his crime than a few days in gaol.

THURSDAY SEPT 23rd

and nightly at Midnight in the Silver Restaurant

GROSVENOR HOUSE

BEAUTY CIRCUS

An entirely new and original Cabaret with **THE GEORGIE HALE GLAMOUR GIRLS** straight from their sensational successes with **THE PALM BEACH FOLLIES** at **CANNES** · **FRED EMNEY** as Ringmaster

Celebrated Circus Acts.

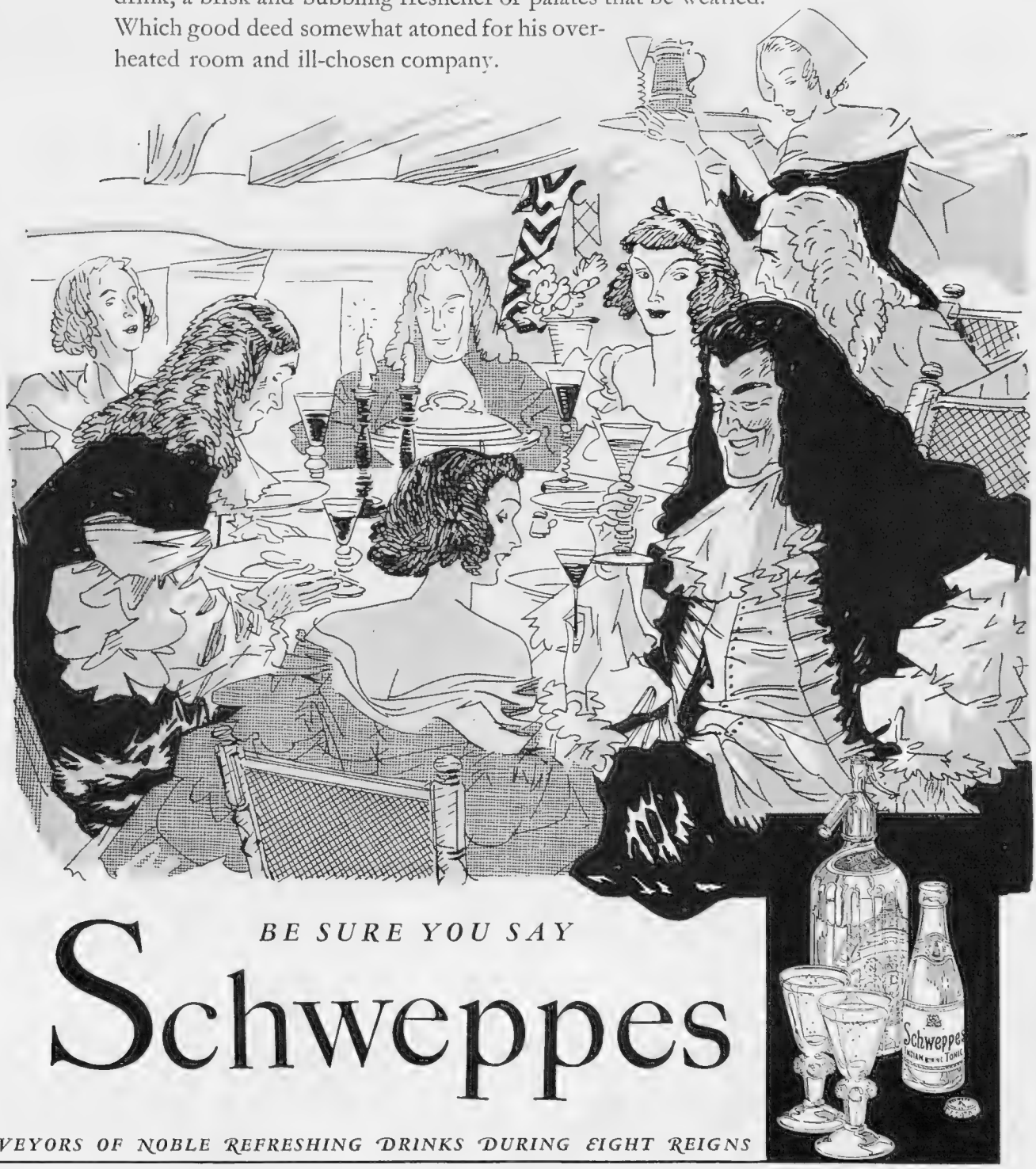
THE GROSVENOR HOUSE DANCE BAND directed by SYDNEY LIPTON

GROSVENOR HOUSE

PARK LANE, W.1 · TELEPHONE GROSVENOR 6363

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

SEPTEMBER 1ST This evening came Mr. and Mrs. Falconer who fetched us to their house in Chelsey. A prodigious clamour of guests, and their friends proved little to my taste save a pretty, well-carriaged woman with a fine hand, beside whom I contrived at last to place myself. The repast scanty, and the game-pie contained no game, only bones of rabbits. Yet Mr. Falconer showed more sense than I thought he had, in proffering us Schweppes Tonic, a brave clean drink, a brisk and bubbling freshener of palates that be wearied. Which good deed somewhat atoned for his over-heated room and ill-chosen company.



BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

Summer Sport *(Continued from page 462)*

The great challenge match between Yorkshire and Middlesex turned out to be rather a farce from a serious cricket point of view, for the weather conditions were atrocious and the luck did go Yorkshire's way, though I do not suggest for a moment that Yorkshire were not the better side. They won handsomely, and I should back them to beat Middlesex four times out of five. The remarkable thing about the match was the interest taken in it by the public. Rain and bitter cold and the counter-attractions of Soccer might so easily have reduced the crowds to a minimum. It was extraordinary, therefore, that 23,000 people came to the Oval, even though they had to sit shivering in overcoats much of the time and, from what I could see of it, they thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The match proved, it seemed to me, that cricket is very far from being dead, and I fancy that public interest in the Australians next year will break all records.

THE cricket averages, by the way, make rather interesting reading. It is only right and proper that Walter Hammond should head the list so decisively; but it is encouraging to find the second and third places held by Hardstaff and Hutton, two of our younger hopefuls, with Compton not so very far behind.

As for the bowlers, Matthews leads, but he has played very few matches, and Verity, who is second with 202 wickets to his credit, reminds us that in the last few weeks he seems to have rediscovered the form which for so long made him an inevitable choice for England.

A Challenge That Failed

The challenge match between Middlesex and Yorkshire, runners-up and winners of the County Championship, need not have worried Lord Hawke, for it firmly vindicated (by an innings and 115 runs) Yorkshire's title. It also produced a much better gate at the Oval than many orthodox county matches. Bowes is dropping a sitter from Owen-Smith in this picture

TURNING for a moment from cricket to rowing, it is rather disappointing to hear that M. P. Lonnon, last year's Cambridge President, will not be going into residence next term. Lonnon had been elected President again, and he was a grand No. 5. His absence will make a considerable difference to Cambridge and it may well be that Oxford will win for the second year in succession.

I SEE that Tommy Farr has been challenging Max Schmeling with great confidence and, although there is no danger of Schmeling accepting, it seems to me that Farr is being a little optimistic. After watching his fight with Louis on the film, I cannot believe that Farr is yet ready to meet a first-class heavy-weight who can really punch. Something very odd had happened to Louis's right hand; but if it had been in working order Farr's chances of surviving fifteen rounds would, I think, have been very slight, for all his courage and magnificent endurance.

I am particularly looking forward to the fight between Benny Lynch and Peter Kane in Glasgow on October 13th—a fight which I hope to see. It is interesting also to hear that Maurice Strickland has been matched with Walter Neusel, for I have an idea that Strickland's chances are rather better than many people suppose.

NO wool is more modernly styled than Templeton's "Ayr" Wools, yet nowhere will you find the old traditions of fine quality more truly maintained. That's why so many fashionable women choose "Ayr" Wools for their knitwear.

The 'Ayr' line of beauty

Templeton's
AYR WOOLS

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON LTD. Worsted Spinners (Dept. B.DI) AYR, SCOTLAND
R133

This is TILO-LEUM

(Patented)

6/3

a square yard.

A small sample sent post free on request.

A beautiful floor-covering which gives the effect of an old-world (9-inch) red-tiled floor at less than ONE QUARTER THE COST.

Soft and resilient to the tread and extremely durable.

Only from

LIBERTY'S, Regent Street, London, W.1

Telephone: REGENT 1234.

THE BYSTANDER

Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride St., London, E.C.4

Telephone: Central 1010

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(Revised from January 1, 1935)

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, No Extras	Three Months, No Extras
Inland	£ s. d. 3 0 10	£ s. d. 1 11 6	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
Canada	£ s. d. 3 0 8	£ s. d. 1 10 6	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
Elsewhere Abroad	£ s. d. 3 5 0	£ s. d. 1 13 8	£ s. d. 1 11 4	s. d. 15 9

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM.

To the Publisher of *The Bystander*, Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me The Bystander *weekly for.....months commencing with the issue of .....*

for which I enclose.....

Name.....

Address.....

Date 1937

Postage Rates: **INLAND 1½d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 2½d.**

They took down our house! And so we had to move from Berkeley Square • If you're free on Thursday, September 23rd, at 3 p m, do come and see our Autumn Collection. R·S·V·P

MARJORIE CASTLE

55 GROSVENOR STREET · W1 · MAYFAIR 4581

Dr. Ox Will Die at Midnight

(*Continued from page 450*)

familiar with every stone in the building; it was not difficult. I took the opportunity of making observations of the inmates. True, I achieved nothing of very great practical value; but it was interesting.

"Then, a year ago, they brought in Papke the Ripper."

"A dangerous man, that, Doctor Pelikan!"

"A horrible man, Inspector! A devil, a perfect devil. Investigating that man's mind was like diving down and down into a bottomless pit full of horrors, as in one of those frightful Oriental legends—an abyss without end—a hell, I tell you, a hell! A——"

"You have broken your cigar, Doctor Pelikan. Permit me to offer you another."

"Thank you. Excuse my emotion. Papke was terrible—a beast, possessed of a tremendous elemental force—less than a man, but far more terrible than any animal. He used, in fact, to wrestle with bears in a circus. Oh, why didn't they hang him when he murdered that poor little girl, instead of sending him to me? He gloated, secretly, over the memories of fifteen horrible murders——"

"Fifteen!"

"Fifteen. And he had all the intuitions of the wild animal. He could tell when an eye was looking at him. I tried many times to watch him through a secret spyhole in his cell. He would sit like a statue, and say nothing. Later, he would say to me—'And did you enjoy watching me earlier this afternoon?' We could do nothing with him. Doctors and attendants were afraid of him. But one night, I projected my mind into his cell, and, watching him as he lay asleep, I thought that I might actually get *inside his brain*, and wrestle with him, intellect against intellect, will against will, out of the reach of his awful hands."

"Good God, Doctor! And did you?"

"I tried, night after night, for eight weeks. Finally, I succeeded. The intellect of Doctor Pelikan found itself side by side with the mind of Papke the Ripper. And what I saw horrified me. I watched plan after plan rise to the surface of that amazingly cunning and tortuous mind, like bubbles in a cesspool. And at the basis of each plan was a weapon, a razor. He had a genius for concealment. Stripped, bathed, and thoroughly searched, he had nevertheless managed to bring with him the blade of a French razor, which he had hidden in the padding of his cell. I forced my will, then, to fight against him. I ordered him to surrender this weapon. My order must have come upon him as an impulse. He got out the razor, and called one of the night attendants. 'Here, take this away from me,' he said—while his real self shrieked *Kill! kill!*

"Inspector, I have fought many battles of will, but never a battle like that. The savagery of Papke the Ripper beat at me like a high wind. And it won! At the last instant, when I thought that the victory was mine, the proximity of the attendant and the feel of the steel combined with the thought of blood to let loose an absolute typhoon of ferocity. He leapt away from my control. A child might as well have tried to hold back a mad bull. With one slash, he almost severed the hand of the attendant. Blood lust boiled up like a volcano. I was scorched, flung away, and beaten out. I saw him, waving the red razor above his head. My nerve broke. I fled. Morning found me, sick and terrified, worn out by the struggle, and obsessed by the fearful memory of that hour in the soul of Papke the Ripper.

"But the very next night, I went back. I went back into the mind of Papke, and fought against it. I fought powerful memories of ancient evil pleasures. I fought strong resolutions, even as they formed. I struggled between memory and resolution, but it was like trying to hold back the North Sea.

"I withdrew. Then I thought: 'Although I cannot overcome the beast, why should I not forestall him?' I became even more ambitious. If I could send my will through space, then why not through the other dimension, Time? And you must believe me, Inspector, when I assure you that I succeeded in a small way. Yes. After the most terrific efforts, my disembodied mind was projected through short distances of time. First, one hour. Then three, then eight. And finally, twenty-four hours. I am too weak to do more than that: but that much I can do."

"A useful accomplishment if one happens to be a gambler on horses——"

"Ask Goldberg, commission agent, exactly how much I have won from him in the last six weeks! He will tell you: Five hundred and seventy thousand kronen. This is by the way. I can move twenty-four hours ahead in time. That is why I am here, warning you—warning you, I say, to guard with four of your strongest men, with their revolvers loose in the holsters, the flat of Doctor Ox, who, as surely as I sit here, is going to be torn to pieces—dismembered—horribly murdered by Papke the Ripper, to-night at midnight."

"Well, well, Doctor, if you insist——"

"I do. And I will tell you why. Last night a curious thing happened. I was worn out. I lay down on my bed, intending to project my will into the cell of Papke. But I was too tired. I fell asleep. My vitality was low, very low. I believe that my mind slipped away from my body of its own accord. Less vividly than during consciousness—as in a bad dream—I found myself in the mind of the Ripper, not fighting it, but *involved* in it. It was like a well, in which I was drowning. I saw the completion of a resolution to kill Doctor Ox to-night, together with a plan."

"But what plan?"

"I do not know. It was vague. It was simple. It was brutal, bloody, horrible! I awoke trembling. I tried, then, to cast my will forward a few hours. Again, my mind slipped over hours of time of its own accord. This time I saw everything vividly. I saw myself in Doctor Ox's room, looking down upon something which I had discovered—all that was left of my dear colleague, my old friend Doctor Ox. . . . Then I saw myself running . . . running here . . . . And somewhere, somewhere in the shadows, the face of Papke the Ripper—laughing, laughing. . . . This will happen to-night, Inspector, at midnight. And that is why I am here—to beg you, quickly, quickly, to send four—six of your strongest men, to save Doctor Ox from Papke the Ripper, who will be at large with a knife in the streets of this city at midnight! There are still three hours to spare. I beg you, call me insane if you will, but act upon my intuition before midnight. I am a little incoherent: that is because I am worn out with overwork, and insomnia, and too much anxiety. But believe me—it is serious. Otherwise, Doctor Ox will die at midnight!"

"At midnight?"

"Yes."

"To-night?"

"Yes, yes."

"Very well, Doctor Pelikan."

"You will do as I say?"

"Certainly."

"Thank you, Inspector, a thousand times!"

"Please do not mention it, Doctor. On the contrary, it is I who have to thank you. Sergeant—call in Officers Paschkes, Schott, Vasatko, and Schmidt," said the Inspector.

Four huge police-officers came in.

"But, Doctor Pelikan, may I ask you one little question?"

"Of course, Inspector!"

"First of all—another cigar."

"Thank you, Inspector." Two "Virginia" cigars began to smoulder. "Now, proceed."

"In your vision of last night, where did Papke the Ripper hide the head?"

"The head of Doctor Ox?"

"Yes."

"In the cistern."

"Thank you, Doctor Pelikan. You did not mind my asking?"

"Not at all."

"That, you see, was the only portion of Doctor Ox which we were unable to find."

"Huh?"

"It will not be to-night at midnight," said the Inspector. "Papke is still in his cell. It was to-day at mid-day. Since then, we have been looking everywhere for you. Sergeant——"

THE END.

News About Travel Sickness

A remedy against air-, train- and sea-sickness that deserves a recommendation is a brand known as Airsea. It is not only effective but—what many remedies are not—it is safe, and can be taken by children or old people alike with no fear of after-effects. It is distributed by Thos. Christy and Co., of Old Swan Lane, E.C.4.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

SEPTEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1937. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

MODEL MILLINERY *by Debenhams*

THE NEW HIGH HAT

In felt, this design has felt daisies appliquéd on a velvet panel.

(First Floor)

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

WIGMORE STREET, W.1

LANGHAM 4444

(Debenhams Ltd.)

Getting Married :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Betty Knox

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Knox, of Woodside, Cambus, Clackmannanshire ; she is engaged to Andrew Clarke, K.O.S.B., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Clarke, of Hartridge House, Cranbrook, Kent

Houston Rogers

Diana Tyrell-Martin

Is the daughter of Mrs. E. M. Liddell, of Broad Oak Manor, near Bexhill-on-Sea, and sister of Eric Tyrell-Martin, the polo-player ; she is engaged to Berkeley Stuart Owen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Owen, of Tunbridge Wells

Kay Vaughan

Joan Haslam-Smith

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Haslam-Smith, of Stoneygate, Leicester ; she is engaged to John Latham Lutwyche, only son of Captain and Mrs. Hudson Lutwyche, of Beaulieu, Hants.

Tunbridge

Leonie Power

Is the only daughter of the late Ambrose Power and Mrs. Power, of 79a, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7 ; she is engaged to John Lennox Hall, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hall, of Bournemouth

Vandyk

Anne Bouwens

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Bouwens, of Old Manor House, Littleton, Shepperton, and is engaged to Osmond Janson Masterman, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Masterman, of Clumber House, Ascot

Bassano

Joan Bache

Is the only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Rupert Bache, of Stakenbridge House, Kidderminster ; she is to marry David Alan Campbell, second son of the late Hon. J. N. Campbell, of Thornhill Park, Bitterne, and Mrs. Campbell, of Woodlands, Wellington, Somerset

Lenare

Pamela Mary Hayter

Is the elder daughter of Major J. G. Hayter, of Bishops Mead, Farnham, Surrey, and is engaged to John Mundy Lodder, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Lodder, of Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire

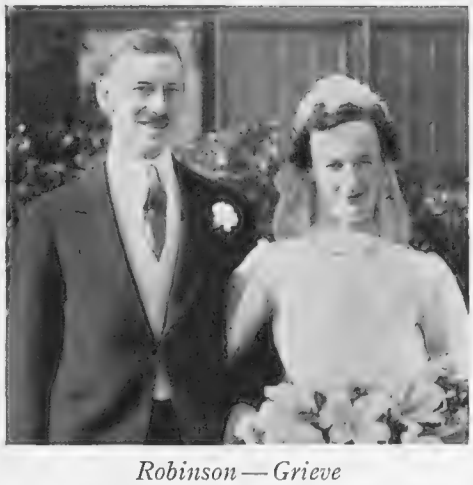
G. P. King

Hazel Christine Clark

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Clark, of Haven, Burntwood, Sevenoaks, and is engaged to Derek Henwood Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Thomas, of 14, West Park, Eltham

Rouse — Marr Johnson

Lieut. Patrick Rouse, R.N., son of Sir Alexander and Lady Rouse, of Abbey House, Riverside, Twickenham, married Cicely Marr Johnson at St. John the Evangelist, Hyde Park Crescent. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Marr Johnson, of 37, Norfolk Square, W.2



Robinson — Grieve

Rex Edward Hamilton Robinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Robinson, of Horley, Surrey, and Mary Noel Grieve, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Grieve, of Monkseaton, Whitley Bay, Northumberland, were married at Our Lady and St. Oswin's Church, Tynemouth

Rose — Allcard

Captain Hugh Vincent Rose, 3rd Gurkha Rifles, younger son of Colonel and Mrs. Hugh Rose, of The Cottage, Grange Rd., Camberley, and Barbara Phœbe Allcard, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Allcard, of Wakefield, Claygate, Surrey, were married at Holy Trinity, Claygate

McKelvie — McOstrich

Roy Douglas McKelvie and Alex McOstrich were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. J. D. McKelvie, of The Grange, Blofield, Norwich; she is the daughter of the late Alexander McOstrich and Mrs. McOstrich, of 9, Gliddon Road, W.

Tate — Matthews

Francis Herbert Tate, son of the late Alfred Herbert Tate and Mrs. Tate, of Chaleshurst, Chiddingfold, Surrey, and Esther Frances Matthews, daughter of the late Sir John Matthews and Lady Matthews, of 8, Mayfield Road, Boyne Park, Tunbridge Wells, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Barron — Magor

At All Saints, Springfield, Anthony Barron, only son of Lieut.-Col. C. A. Barron, of Swilland, Ipswich, and of Mrs. Barron, of Haywards Heath, married Lorna Frances Magor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Magor, of Springfield Lyons, near Chelmsford

Parker — Buckmaster

George Parker, son of the late Dr. James Parker and Mrs. Parker, of Baldernock, Milngavie, Stirlingshire, and Helena Bettys Buckmaster, daughter of Captain F. H. Buckmaster, R.N., and Mrs. Buckmaster, of Ray Cottage, Parkstone Avenue, Southsea, were married at Southsea

Wibmer — Gossett

At St. Peter and St. Paul, Wadhurst, Martin Denzil Wibmer, eldest son of the late Lewis Wibmer and Mrs. Chaine, of Pennybridge, Wadhurst, Sussex, married Miss C. A. Gossett, daughter of the late Major Claude Gossett, the Cheshire Regiment

Thompson — Foster

William F. K. Thompson, R.A., elder son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. R. Thompson, of Ferndown, Wimborne, Dorset, and Rosemary Kate Foster, only daughter of Colonel A. L. Foster and the late Mrs. Foster, of Wimbledon, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

Farmer — Campbell

Richard Farmer, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Farmer, of 52, Pont Street, S.W., and Pamela Campbell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Campbell, of Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park, N.W.8, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Dunseath — Carson

David Reginald Dunseath, Royal Ulster Rifles, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Dunseath, of Co. Down, and Helen Barbara Carson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Carson, of Carnalea House, Crawfordsburn, Co. Down, were married in Bangor Abbey, Belfast

Sandars — Molyneux-Seel

George Edward Russell Sandars, eldest son of Canon and Mrs. G. R. Sandars, of Davenham Rectory, Northwich, married Vera Molyneux-Seel at St. Peter's, Ludlow. She is the younger daughter of the late Major and Mrs. E. Molyneux-Seel, of Ludlow

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

September 22 — September 28

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Malcolm Keen is in the name-part of this amusing, crooked long-runner now nearing its end: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.—Dodie Smith's newest aims higher than her others, with Anne Firth in a delicate exposition of youthful passion; Ivy St. Helier, Cecil Parker, Peter Coke: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FIRST LEGION.—A sincere and gripping treatment of the miracle question in a Jesuit brotherhood; C. V. France, Franklin Dyall, and Colin Keith-Johnson: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30 (last week).

GERTIE MAUDE.—Carol Goodner is the centre of this interesting but rather ordinary van Druten play: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK.—The Haymarket production of Sean O'Casey's tragi-comedy, with Maire O'Neill and Sara Allgood, is at the Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OLD MUSIC.—Whistler's décor, Benda's dresses, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams and Celia Johnson's acting are the best things about Keith Winter's Victorian romance: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

PYGMALION.—The Buxton Festival production, with Diana Wynyard as Eliza, Robert Morley as Higgins: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., 2.30.

RICHARD II.—Perfectly proportioned and strongly acted by the whole cast, the first of this repertory season puts Gielgud as King, Peggy Ashcroft as Queen, Michael Redgrave as Bolingbroke: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley and Carl Esmond excellent as Victoria and Albert, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CRAZY DAYS.—Good economic humour and slapstick well up to Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino's standard: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr, Zena Dare and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson's newest riot has Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne, Debroy Somers' band, etc.: Gaiety, 8.15.

REVUDEVILLE No. 96.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

TAKE IT EASY.—American Barbara Blair wrote it, and acts in it; Patricia Burke leads: Palace, 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in the sparkling long-runner that is nearing its end: Whitehall, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE FEUD.—Edmund Willard, Fred Groves, Merle Tottenham in a crime mystery based on a fraternal feud: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GUSHER.—Pure episodic melodrama, swift in action and spectacular in production, has Christine Barry, Jack Livesey and Ivan Samson in the leads: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues again, with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford, Rosalyn Boulter: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"Laughter and Rhythm"

Henry Sherek is again in charge of the Dorchester cabaret which takes for its title two of life's bigger pleasures, as above, and has an attractive cast, as above: they are two of the Merriel Abbott dancers

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues. Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—One of George Black's best yet, with a number of rhapsodic and well-handled scenes and the Crazy Gang on top of form: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WANTED FOR MURDER.—Rather an ingenious thriller with a variety of novel scenes gives Louise Hampton, Arthur Sinclair, Austin Trevor good parts; Terence De Marney draws the maniac murderer skilfully: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Straightforward in its development, it has a curious time-theory; Barrie said it was Priestley's best: Royalty, to-night, 22nd.

PEOPLE IN LOVE.—Norwegian Greta Nissen leads, with Ellen Pollock and Cyril Ritchard: Ambassador's, Tues., 28th.

VIC-WELLS BALLET.—The winter season opens at Sadler's Wells, Tues., 28th.

CINEMAS

ACTION FOR SLANDER (British).—Clive Brook, Ann Todd and Margaretta Scott in a good, tense drama of English higher life: London Pavilion.

BRIEF ECSTASY (British).—Paul Lukas has Marie Ney for twenty years as housekeeper, so there's trouble when he wants to marry young Linden Travers; Greville directed this original version of eternal triangle: Curzon.

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938 (American).—Big and rich cast in this slightly premature musical; Robert Taylor, Eleanor Powell, Binnie Barnes, Sophie Tucker: Empire.

CAFÉ METROPOLE (American).—Set in Paris, it shows Adolphe Menjou as a cunning maître d'hotel playing with Loretta Young and Tyrone Power; good sophisticomedy: Gaumont.

A CASTLE IN FLANDERS (German).—Marta Eggerth acts brilliantly opposite Paul Hartmann, and sings some husky melodies in this modern romance: Berkeley

DOUBLE OR NOTHING (American).—A gay romance, with Bing Crosby in full voice, Mary Carlisle and comedienne Martha Ray: Carlton.

THE EDGE OF THE WORLD (British).—A film primitive about the abandonment of livelihood on a Shetland island; also *Think Fast, Mr. Moto*, about a Jap detective: New Gallery.

EPISODE (Austrian).—Paula Wessely in the charming semi-classic; also Flaherty's *Man of Arran*: Studio One.

LOST HORIZON (American).—This long runner from Hilton's book has some splendid shots and a good story and some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton: Marble Arch Pavilion.

OVER SHE GOES (British).—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in their original stage parts; Claire Luce, Max Baer as a prizefighter (!), Gina Malo: Regal.

LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR (French).—Sacha Guitry and Jacqueline Delubac in a subtly humorous film from his book about a trickster: Academy.

SOULS AT SEA (American).—Gary Cooper and George Raft in the amazing tale of the seaman who assumed God's functions in mid-Atlantic: Plaza.

A STAR IS BORN (American).—Janet Gaynor and Fredric March in a technicolour tragedy, excellently acted, revealing the inside of the film world: Tivoli.

VICTORIA THE GREAT (British).—Herbert Wilcox's great panorama with Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook as the royal pair: Leicester Square.

BALLET (*See also First Nights*)

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES.—The autumn season at Covent Garden (first performance of *Le Lac des Cygnes*, Thurs., 23rd), 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

Recitals

MYRA HESS AND IRENE SCHARRER.—Two-piano recital in aid of a scholarship foundation: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 25th, 3.

ASTRA DESMOND.—A recital of Grieg songs in the original languages: Wigmore Hall, Tues., 28th, 8.30.

Concerts

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.15:

BACH CONCERT.—Seven soloists in excerpts from the cantatas, 4th Suite in D, String concerto in D minor, 3rd Brandenburg concerto, and others: to-night, 22nd.

DEBUSSY-STRAVINSKY CONCERT.—Soulima Stravinsky at the piano, Ninon Vallin sings in this modern symposium: Thurs., 23rd.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—Aria from *The Tempest* (Norman Walker), Emperor concerto (Lamond), 2nd symphony, 2nd Leonora overture: Fri., 24th.

TCHAIKOWSKY CONCERT.—The Pathetic symphony, Joan of Arc's Farewell (Oda Slobodskaya), piano concerto in B flat minor (Poushinoff): Sat., 25th.

WAGNER CONCERT.—May Blyth, Mabry Dawes, Walter Widdop and Harold Williams in excerpts from the operas: Mon., 27th.

SCHUBERT-SCHUMANN CONCERT.—The former's 5th and 9th symphonies, the latter's Piano concerto in A minor: Tues., 28th.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

Tel. Mayfair 6600

OXFORD STREET W·1·

'GRETA'

The Debutantes Department at Marshall & Snelgrove offers the newest and smartest styles for young ladies. The frocks are moderately priced yet conform to the highest standards of modishness and quality. . . . . . .

'MIST.' Evening Dress in chiffon lined taffeta, outline of neck finely gauged, flowers at waist to tone. Colours: Black, ivory, jade green, lido, cherry, soft pink. Hip sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 *in.* **70/-**

'PEARL.' Soft satin is used for this Evening Dress, cleverly cut; the drapery shirred as shown is most becoming and flattering to the figure. Colours: Ivory, black, turquoise, gold. Hip sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 *ins.* **70/-**
Or in matt crêpe, **65/-**

'GRETA.' A charming Evening Gown in old world figured poult, self colour, with double ruched effect on shoulders. Shirring at waist shows the slightly lower line, tied at back with large bow and ends. Colours: Pale amber, black, white, turquoise, lilac, lupin blue, green, red. Hip sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42. **70/-**

DEBUTANTE FROCKS SECOND FLOOR

Ultra Smart and Waterproof

THE MOSTYN

Attractive Velvet Waterproof cut on distinctive lines suitable for Autumn Race Meetings or Smart Town Wear, the ideal Waterproof for the woman who wishes to look her best during the Autumn and Winter months.

Made in Brown, Green, Navy and Black Waterproof Velvet

6½ Gns.

Elvery's of Conduit St.

PROPRIETORS RUBBERCRAFT, LTD.

"NEVER-MIND-THE-WEATHER" WEAR

•

Patterns and Catalogues by request.

31, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

Tel.: MAYFAIR 0614.

OVERCOATS

in best Scottish or West of England cloths — ready for immediate wear.

6 gns.

(Overcoats also from 5½ to 10 gns.)

Illustrated Catalogue sent on request.

MOSS BROS & CO. LTD.

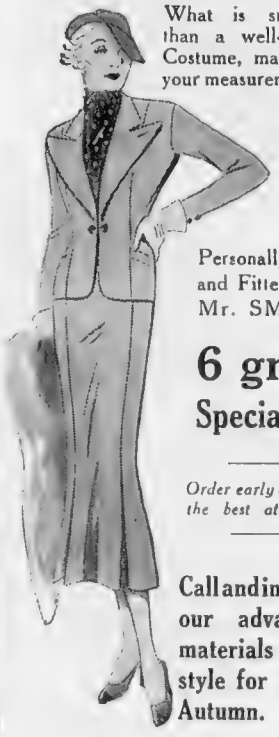
COVENT GARDEN

Corner of King Street, and Bedford St., W.C.2

Temple Bar 4477 (10 lines).

SMEE'S

Est. 1907. 'Phone: Mayfair 1543



What is smarter than a well-fitting Costume, made to your measurements?

*

Personally cut and Fitted by Mr. SMEE

6 gns. Specialist

Order early and get the best attention.

Call and inspect our advanced materials and style for early Autumn.

Astride Coat & Breeches, 9 gns.

ONLY ADDRESS:

55, SOUTH MOLTON ST., W.1

First Floor

"In Quest of Good Hotels"

By Ashley Courtenay.

Snobbery is sometimes the justification of a fancy price at hotels. But such hotels—and there are not many—need no *reclame*. On the other hand, those who are interested in getting what they pay for, will perhaps discover that Mr. Ashley Courtenay can help them in finding what they want. Mr. Courtenay, with his very wide knowledge of British Hotels on and off the highways, with his personal experience of inns of every category, has made it his business and his pleasure to "discover" hotels whose light is hid under a bushel. Every week, on Fridays, he outlines in "THE SPHERE" one such discovery. The "average man" can trust and act on Mr Courtenay's advice which combines the three essentials of fair criticism—experienced observation, disinterestedness and the power of disassociating his own predilections from what the public wants.

A weekly feature in The

SPHERE

Of all Newsagents—One Shilling.

"Let's Halt Awhile" — *Since 1934, 16,000 copies have been sold of "Let's Halt Awhile"—a description of hotels, inns and guest houses, personally "discovered" by Mr. Ashley Courtenay. Vol. 1.—Kent, Surrey and Sussex. Vol. 2.—Devon and Cornwall.*

Obtainable through your usual bookseller, or 1s. 3d. each post free from Ashley Courtenay Ltd., 68, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

By Appointment.

Gowns of Distinction

by Debenhams

From the New Autumn Collection of Model Gowns

From the new collection of attractive afternoon frocks for early Autumn, this gown is in reversible satin, with diamante ornaments. In black, and a few fashionable colours. Sizes 42, 44, 46 **10½** gns. Size 48 1 gn. extra.

(Model Gown Department, First Floor)

Debenham&Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

Langham 4444 *(Debenhams Ltd.)*

TANGEE FOR *Youthful Lips*

Tangee's Colour Change Principle assures your one most becoming shade . . .

Today . . . prove how Tangee's magic Colour Change Principle brings out your own loveliness. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to blush-rose. The whole day long, at work or play, your Tangee beauty will charm everyone. Paris bans painted lips. Tangee *isn't paint*.. cannot give a 'painted look'. Use Tangee Rouge on cheeks. Also has Colour Change Principle.

Tangee Lipstick's special cream base keeps your lips soft and lovely all night . . .

At bedtime, apply Tangee. It *soothes* your lips while you sleep, makes them soft, youthful. And Tangee doesn't come off on bed linens. Unlike ordinary cosmetics, Tangee need not be removed at night. Awake with beautiful lips. No more faded 'morning look' when you use Tangee. Try Tangee! It is one lipstick you can safely use both day and night . . . 1/9 and 4/6.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

If you prefer more colour for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical Lipstick. And to take FULL advantage of the loveliness Tangee offers, remember Tangee Powder, Cream Rouge and Rouge Compact!

Luft-Tangee Ltd., 88, Regent Street, W.1

Catalogues on application

'Phone: Regent 0189

Woodrow

Piccadilly, W.1.

By Appointment.

"B"

The Glenmoor

FOR SMART SPORTS WEAR

In "Woodrow's" feather-weight fur felt . . 25/-

Stocked in all sizes in Grey, Black, Brown, Filbert, Harris Blue, Salzburg Green, and Navy, or any shade dyed to order in 5 days.

Mount, as illustration, 3/6 extra.

CAN ALSO BE SUPPLIED BY OUR AGENTS

We are now in occupation of our New Premises at the corner of Albemarle Street and Piccadilly, facing St. James's Street.

A Selection can be had on approval on receipt of London trade reference, or an amount on deposit.

THE FLEET IN MINIATURE

● *Electrically propelled Models and complete set of Code Signal Flags in full Colours with instructions . . .*

Interest in our Fleet and mighty ocean Liners was never greater than it is to-day. From the designs of G. H. Davis (Special artist of "The Illustrated London News") have been produced accurate scale models of our mightiest battleship, H.M.S. *Nelson*, the latest type of cruiser, H.M.S. *Southampton*, and our greatest liner, R.M.S. *Queen Mary*. The models, electrically propelled, are offered at exceptionally low prices. Details of H.M.S. Southampton (not illustrated). Length 23½". Price 30/- (Carriage Inland 1/6; Abroad 4/-).

COMMUNICATION BY FLAG SIGNALS. Included with each ship is a set of International Code Signal Flags. By learning their meaning you will not only be enabled to increase the speed of your own signalling, but will be able to decipher signals made by real ships at sea. The models can be manœuvred by hand, using small, mobile trolleys, the extra cost of which is 2/-.

Orders with remittance should be sent to Dept. B.10., London Electrotype Agency Ltd., 23-24, Fetter Lane, E.C.4, where models can be seen.

recipe for *autumn* radiance!

madame corot's new autumn collection!

express your personality this autumn in a model by **corot!** her new collection of perfectly tailored suits and coats—paris inspired evening gowns and frocks reflects the exquisite good taste and flawless craftsmanship which have made the name of corot famous wherever fine clothes are appreciated.

the sheer genius embodied in this season's creations are an inspiration—while the delightfully simple and confidential manner in which payment may be made (no references or guarantees of any description), make shopping at corot a pleasure not to be missed. visit the showrooms to-day—or, write for corot's new portfolio of bond street fashions for autumn.

"now's the time"

. . . to choose your smart two-piece. this model in angora woollen has grey lamb on the "swing back" coat and fashion-styled frock with latest neckline.

cash 9 gns. *(7 equal payments)* **27/- monthly**

corot
(dept. b.s. 4117)
33, old bond st.,
london, w.1. regent 0234

post free! send me new loose-leaf portfolio of autumn models, with details of confidential payment plan.

name .....
address .....
..... (b s. 4117)

WHY REMAIN GREY?

FREE TREATISE

Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available

Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods. That not only restores the colour but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair—that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed

You'll find the secret of how to look five, ten, fifteen years younger between the slim covers of the Boudoir Book

It will be sent free on request.
Write to:—

FACKTATIVE CO. (Suite 17)
66 Victoria Street,
Westminster, London, S.W.1

The only method endorsed by the Press

From LIBERTYS

Delightful Toys for Children or Mascots for Grown-ups

Life-like Models—all details correct. Ponies in skin, from **10/6** to **37/6** each. Ponies in leather, 5 ins. high, **6/9**; 7 ins. **15/9**; 8 ins. **22/6**. Hunters in skin, 9 ins. high, **37/6** each.

Hounds, 5 ins. high, at **4/9**
Huntsmen at - - - **10/6**
Women Riders at - - **10/6**
Grooms at - - - - **8/6**

} In coloured suede with movable limbs.

Also Stables **20/-** and **35/-** each. Field Accessories, **27/6** a set. Trees extra.

Silk Squares and Handkerchiefs in Sporting Designs obtainable in the Scarf Department.

LIBERTY & CO. LTD., Regent Street, London, W.1
Telephone: REGent 1234

Black Broadtail holds its own, year in year out, with the finest, most fashionable furs. Here, beautifully marked skins are used for a model coat, their sombre beauty contrasted with three-quarter sleeves of bright, silvered Fox. From the Fur Salon for 295 Gns. Muff 35 Gns.

Harrods

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

ESTABLISHED 1760.

for Mellowness

If your preference is for a whisky mellowed and matured as an old vintage wine, your choice will be

SANDEMAN'S

V.V.O.

SCOTCH WHISKY

The King of Whiskies

If any difficulty in obtaining supplies apply to SANDEMAN & SONS, LTD. (Dept. D), Forth Street, EDINBURGH.

THE FINEST HOTEL ON THE ENGLISH COAST

Here is a standard of entertainment unequalled throughout the world. Everything is included in the terms: golf on the famous championship short course; tennis in the grounds, and also on the magnificent new covered courts—the most up-to-date in the country; squash rackets, badminton, croquet, indoor and outdoor bowls; covered swimming pool and electrically equipped gymnasium; the best ballroom in the West, flanked by the finest sun lounges in Europe; talking pictures, entertainments, cabarets; Jean Salder and his famous broadcasting orchestra; Clemson and Valerie, dance host and hostess of international repute; special instructors for golf, tennis, squash, swimming, gymnasium; 100-car capacity garage; 25 acres of beautiful grounds; free golf on the well-known Churston Course. Brochure on request.

PALACE HOTEL TORQUAY

Telephone: Torquay 2271

Believed impossible

— AT LAST ACHIEVED

A New Solution to woman's eternal problem

FIELDWEAR. — A new and entirely different Sanitary Knicker which has no duplicate in the whole world. Assembled entirely by hand to obtain sleekness of line. Fits like a second skin. No belts or ties. Equal comfort by day and night. No anxiety. No chafing. Daintiness and durability. Washed and ready for wear in a few minutes. Never varies in shape or size. Protection against internal chills. Security the entire day, all night as well.

CAN BE WORN OVER BODY BELT OR DIRECTLY NEXT THE BODY. Made to close hip measurements of 33 to 40 inches and O/S.

FULL GUARANTEE OF SERVICE Extract from an editorial in the September issue of the Skating Times by the Fashion Editress: "The Fieldwear Co. have designed and produced the perfect Sanitary Knicker for skaters. Personal experience of their garment has prompted me to write of it for you. It lives up to everything that the Company claims for it, and as every woman knows, it has not been easy to find the ideal garment for sportswear. Anyway, here it is, light, durable, comfortable and secure. No matter what antics your skating demands of you, it definitely will not shift. A truly excellent product." Opinions from Fashion Editresses who have personally tested the garment:—

Woman & Beauty.—"It certainly is all that you claim for it."

Needlewoman.— "Something that I can recommend to my readers."

Woman's Illustrated.—"Most comfortable to wear, and a beautifully made little garment."

Evening World.—"A great boon to women."

and similar opinions from Fashion Editresses throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Opinion of Stores: "Loveliest garment for its purpose ever put before us."

Fieldwear

PROTECTIVE ★ GARMENT

12/11

Protected throughout the world.

Obtainable from Harrods, Dickins & Jones, D. H. Evans, Selfridges, Marshall & Snelgrove, Jenners of Edinburgh, Dalys of Glasgow, Brown Muff of Bradford, Brights of Bournemouth, Kendal Milne & Co. of Manchester, Morgans of Bristol, Bon Marché, Liverpool, Rackhams of Birmingham, Medhurst of Bromley, and other principal Stores. A postcard to us will give you the name of your nearest Stockist.

THE FIELDWEAR CO., LIMITED,
Park Works, 151 High Road, East Finchley, London, N.2. Telephone: Tudor 6222.

In case of difficulty supplied direct from the Manufacturers.

For your Throat

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**
FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d & 1/3

EXQUISITE & EXCLUSIVE

Your teeth are worth the best that you can give them — and that means Dr. Pierre's. It cleans and preserves the teeth. Fragrant and refreshing . . . pure, vegetable oils . . . more antiseptic than chemicals

DR. PIERRE'S
Liquid **DENTIFRICE**
A carefully blended combination of aromatic oils.
2/- to 9/6 from all Chemists & West End Stores

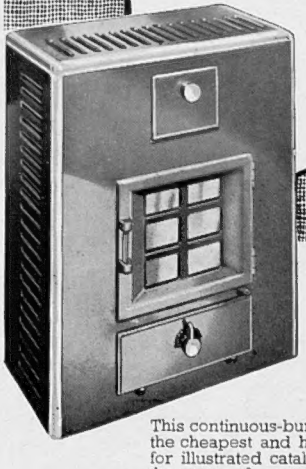
NEW SUITS FOR OLD

Send us your favourite suit and we will copy it in one of our "John Peel" Cumberland Tweeds. Prices from 97/6 suit—57/6 jacket. Send for patterns and particulars.

REDMAYNES
58, WIGTON, CUMBERLAND

Private CASH Advances
By W. H. DURHAM LIMITED,
14, Clifford St., London, W.1. Est. 1913.
£50 to £5,000
Without Security.

I'M A CONFIRMED NON-SMOKER



ESSE
PATENT STOVES

This continuous-burning hopper-fed B.J. ESSE Anthracite Stove provides the cheapest and healthiest form of heating obtainable to-day. Write for illustrated catalogue with details of new Hire Purchase Plan and the name of your nearest Dealer.

SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND
LONDON: 11 Ludgate Circus, E.C.4, 8 Upper Thames St., E.C.4, 63 Conduit St., W.1
Also at LIVERPOOL — EDINBURGH — GLASGOW

I can tell a Greys

IN THE DARK!

There's no mistaking that fragrant aroma, that aromatic fragrance, that *bouquet*, that sweet-smelling, balmy —. Quite. What one is trying to say is that Greys are very good cigarettes.

THE **Greys** CIGARETTES
Ten for sixpence

ISSUED BY THE UNITED KINGDOM TOBACCO CO LTD., ASSOCIATE OF GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD